

The TATLER

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The TATTLER

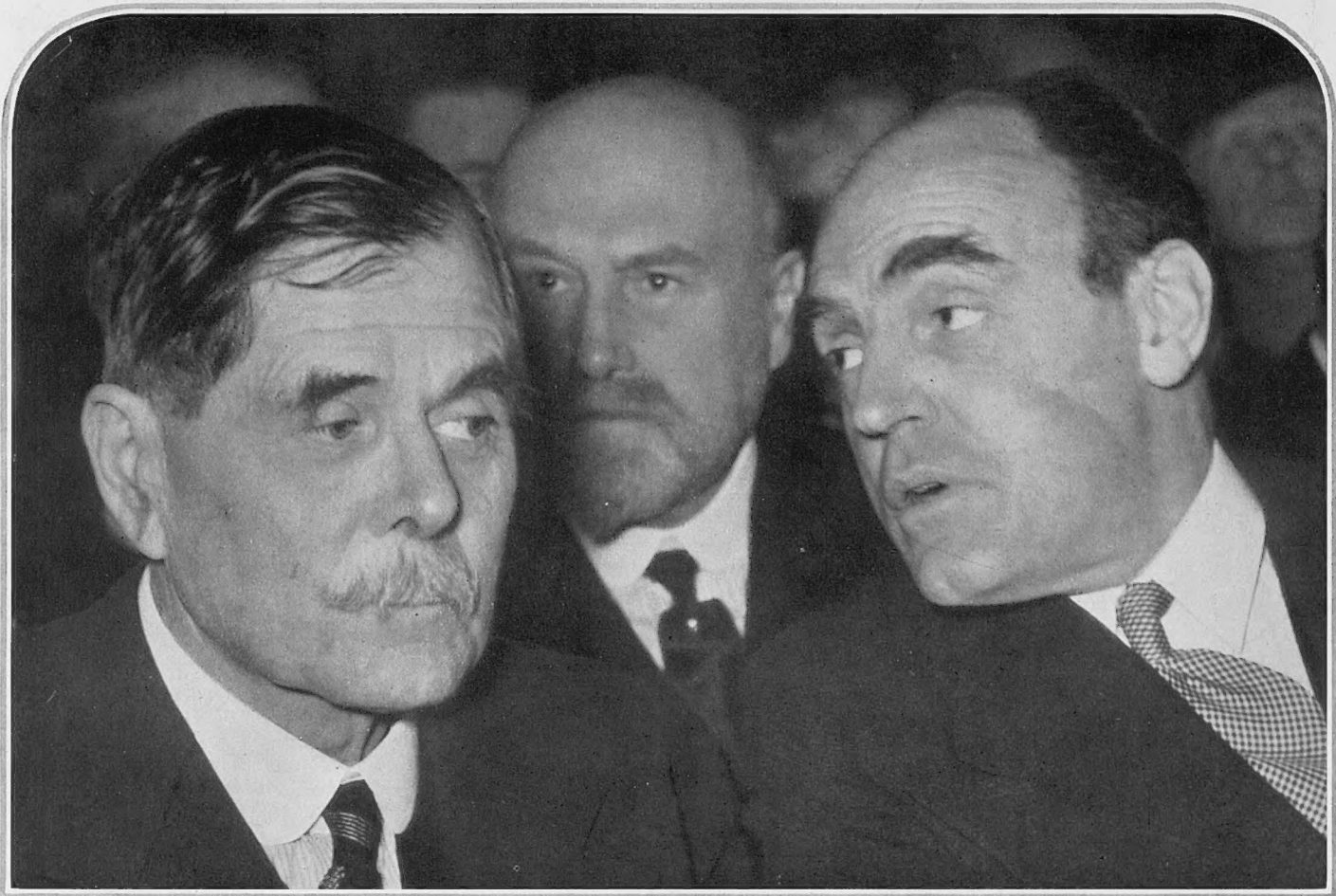
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SONJA HENIE IN "EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT"

This charming picture of the young skating champion who has won such a high place in the hierarchy of film favourites in quite a small number of appearances, is taken from her forthcoming production, *Everything Happens at Night*, in which she will have two leading men, Robert Cummings, and Ray Milland who recently scored a big hit in Anthony Asquith's brilliant screen version of Terence Rattigan's long-running play *French Without Tears*



LORD TRENCHARD AND (RIGHT) SIR JOHN REITH LISTENING TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S MANSION HOUSE SPEECH

Marshal of the Air Force Lord Trenchard and the newly appointed head of the Ministry of Information, were two of that very highly representative audience which listened to the weighty words of the Prime Minister, in his speech at

And the World Said—

ON September 13 The World Said: "There is a lot being said and written about the Russian-German pact, but the reason for its necessity from the Soviet point of view seems to have been overlooked. In the earlier years of the Soviet industrial expansion she made extensive purchases of mechanical and electrical plant from the big German firms. . . . The Russians, unlike the Japanese, have proved unable to copy or even maintain enormous masses of complicated machinery. . . . Renewals can only be made by the Germans, and knowing this weak link in the Russian armour, Germany concluded a trade agreement with her (in small print in the world's press!) a few days before the big pact transixed everybody." In the four months since I wrote this the U.S.S.R. has underlined the agreement by pressing the Reich for 200,000 technicians! Many are already in Russia, and I opine the requisite complement will be spared, though Goebbels may withhold the news. With the Allies and the United States affording Finland most concrete aid (thus stiffening the will for freedom in all Scandinavia) the German-Russian alliance is being welded from without; let us hope not entirely to the satisfaction of either partner. There is a lot of tosh about the Left Army, as Charles Lomax almost says in



Dorothy Wilding

MISS ELIZABETH CORCORAN

The engagement of the only daughter of the late Major William Corcoran and Mrs. A. R. Sykes, to Mr. Walter Woollard (Jim) Lawrence, was recently announced, and the wedding, it is understood, will take place shortly. The bridegroom elect, who is known to his intimates as Lucky Jim Lawrence, was the sole survivor of the aeroplane crash in the United States, in which Lord and Lady Plunket and the pilot lost their lives

the Mansion House last week. The keynote was, that however much this nation may be asked to tighten its belt to win this war, it will produce a staying power that is inexhaustible and which in the end must bring us victory

Major Barbara (when amateur theatricals revive P.C. Lord Hindlip should claim this part) and still more written by a Leftish sector of the London press. The *Star* must have a juvenile leader writer or he would not refer to the Treaty of Versailles as a *Diktat*. Naturally the Armistice conditions of 1918 were dictated, but Versailles, with all its faults, was the result of many months work by many nations. To say severe limitations were imposed on the Weimar Republic is bunkum. The Germans had to deliver a certain amount of war materials, railway wagons, etc., to replace what they had confiscated from France and Belgium, and they were restricted to a small standing army: *pourquoi-pas?* In 1871 a gold indemnity of £70,000,000 was imposed on France, but Versailles merely devised a scheme of reparations by which France and Belgium were to be compensated by Germany over a long period of years for the destruction of their territories. However, sincere the Germans may have been when signing the treaty they soon prepared to nullify its clauses. Firstly, Germany followed the fall of the Austrian *Krone* in 1922 by a fantastic inflation of the *Mark* in order to wipe out her National Debt—(today the Soviet is forcing a similar weakening of the *Finnmark*). Then she stabilized her currency with the *Rentenmark*, before

evolving a long-sighted policy of borrowing from countries with stable currencies. A mass of German municipal and banking loans were floated in London, Paris, New York, Amsterdam and Zurich. I doubt if even Sir Montagu Norman can calculate the amount of British and American capital swilled down the drain! The lenient U.S.A. and Great Britain then agreed to the Dawes Plan, the Young Loan and other ways in which Germany was allowed to avoid her obligations under Reparations. The vanquished not only pocketed all this foreign capital, but with it secured a mass of assets in the form of civic improvements which enabled subsequent governments to budget for armaments only. For example, nearly every large town in Germany was newly equipped with gas and electricity plants, water filtration and sewage works, and while we were occupied with Test matches, Germany, set up by our money, had secured many of our markets. In 1931 the German banking structure conveniently collapsed and with it the last hope of recovering any British or American capital. The only gainer from Germany after the war was the Soviet, who induced her to supply the aforementioned industrial equipment against exceptionally long term notes, a surfeit of which *Ersatz* diet choked the German banks in 1931. Good omen?

* * *

Jewish inmates of the refugee camp which I have mentioned before deserve a good mark. Several thousand Czechs and Austrians have been taken care of there in the past six months without one case of disorder arising; each man enjoying British hospitality acts with becoming gratitude. Some of the inmates have no flesh on their feet—a condition which can

Deutschmeister Regiment. He and his fellow refugees will soon be with the B.E.F. as a unit of the A.M.P.C. from which army within the army I have been forwarded a list sent by the F.O. to Colonel Arthur Evans who, on behalf of all who fraternized with the Polish delegation at the Oslo



A SCOTTISH RUGGER INTERNATIONAL AND HIS BRIDE

Flight Lieutenant William Penman was reported killed in the famous R.A.F. raid over the German naval bases which even the Hun had to acknowledge was a fine bit of work. His bride was Miss Peggy MacCorkindale, and they are seen leaving Christ Church, Harrow, after their wedding last week. Mrs. Penman is a winner of the junior tennis doubles at Wimbledon and in Middlesex, and also won the Scottish Junior Championship

Conference in August, asked a question in the House, before going to France, about the fate of the Polish politicians

Dorothy Wilding

MR. AND MRS. SOMERSET DE CHAIR

On the outbreak of war Mr. Somerset de Chair, the Member for South-West Norfolk, was in the Supplementary Reserve of the Blues. Mrs. De Chair was formerly Miss Thelma Arbuthnot and is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Arbuthnot. Mr. Somerset de Chair's Norfolk seat, Necton, has fourteen little evacuees billeted on it

never be wholly remedied. A *raffiné* punishment at Dachau was walking barefoot on red hot bars. The U.S.A. is easing our burden by taking nearly fifty Jewish emigrants a week, from among those unsuited to army work. Of the rest more than a thousand are now in uniform, in training. It is quaint to see a Viennese sentry clothed in S.D. and a steel helmet doing his "go" in front of the camp with the enthusiastic rhythm of the

concerned. Mr. R. A. Butler replied that the leader, Jan Debski, who disapproved of Ibsen ("because there is enough sadness in the world") is somewhere in Poland, wounded. M. Lechnicki was killed. Count Jan Choinski-Dzieduszycki has not been seen since the fighting of September 13, and M. Zagorowski is also missing. M. Katelbach got to Paris and the three others are in Rumania. Nothing is said about their wives. I shall never forget Madame Debska (consort to Debski) at the sunlit opening of the conference, translating the Norwegian Foreign Minister's speech into French for me, as he went along—a *tour de force*—while we tried to avoid laughing at the embarrassing murals behind the equally bald heads of august personages. To have met these charming Poles in peaceful though threatened times, brings home the plight of the country they love "with a love that is more than love." But faced with all these sorrows and good causes—Poland, Finland, Turkey—it is not surprising to hear people reiterate that charity begins at home. Surprising and reprehensible is the number of rich women who are persuading their supporters to put money into "rocks." Nobody, excepting Sir Robert Kindersley and Sir John Simon, asked them to put it into Savings Certificates, but they might have the imagination, culture and humanity to sink capital in pictures. The Queen has added to her collection since the war, and there are fortunes to be made by those who buy now, guided by expert advice or their own flair. I went to see only seven red spots among 412 exhibits (Miss Nellie Pybus's "Morning in the Pacific" being *hors de prix*) at the 192nd exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, near the Carlton. Many of the pictures are attractive (notably Nevins's; Ethel Gabain's; Cora Gordon's "Meridional"; Harold Workman's



CELEBRITIES WITH THE HEYTHROP

Mr. Ronald Tree, Member for the Harborough Division, with Lady Ashton of Hyde who is carrying on the Mastership of the Heythrop during her husband's absence on service. Mr. Ronald Tree is a former joint-Master of the Pychley. The Heythrop met at his Oxfordshire seat, Ditchley, when the above picture was taken

And the World Said—*continued*

"Light in Brentford"; T. Stuart Milner's London scenes, and the stylized landscapes of Harry E. Allen) and all comparatively small and cheap. Mr. Bernard Adams made the first sale at the Hollywood-sounding "United Artists," of which ebullient innovation more later. It is the biggest Royal Academy ever,

and remains open until March 9. A notable aesthetic institution arising out of the war is the musical lunch at the National Gallery. That for a bob-a-nob Miss Myra Hess puts on the finest musicians is no longer news, but the lunch is less *répandu*, because it was an afterthought introduced by Lady Gaytor who, in the early days of the concerts, observed that while she, being a lady of comparative leisure, could eat before or after, the majority were going without sustenance or crackling paper bags *fortissimo*. Before you could say knife her band of musical helpers was cutting sandwiches in an adjacent gallery where their healthy snacks made £25 a week profit for the Musicians' Benevolent. Lady (Hamilton) Grant makes coffee; Mrs. (Rita's mother) Behrens cleans urns, and Mrs. Julian Huxley is amongst those who serve honey cakes on Lady Colefax's wicker trays. Customers include the sporting wine merchant Mr. "Tom" Norris who brought "Eddie" Tatham to hear youthful Jean Norris play Scarlatti. The gallery was full of students. This collegiate atmosphere in Trafalgar Square is no odder than the change at Biarritz—almost a university town now—with numbers following courses at improvised *lycées*, augmented by private schools evacuated from the north. The mayor is at the front, and his Anglophile righthand, that delightful half-Basque professor of history, M. Hérissou-Laroche, so busy organizing an international *lycée*

that he has no time to communicate with his public in England. Half-a-dozen hotels and the Bellevue Casino have been prepared as hospitals, but the Miramar flourishes as a centre for *Tout Biarritz*, now incorporating *Tout Paris*. An afternoon gala was held there in aid of the "*Paquet du Combattant Biarrot*," an organization run by Countess de Bendern and Marquesa Portago—both British born. The New Year's Eve charity dinner at the Miramar had Madame La Maréchale Pétain as patroness-in-chief. She is assembling hospital equipment at this long-established *ville de luxe*, where many Paris shops and dresses have re-opened. Colonel Godfray's wife and Baronne de Gunzbourg provide a two-franc canteen for poor families whose men have been called up, and for peasant evacuees from Alsace. That attractive Biarritz Highlander, Ian Campbell, enjoyed his last leave lunch at Claridge's, the same day as Lady Catherine Ramsden, gentian-eyed Lady Duff-Asheton-Smith, Lady Hardwicke, Patricia Lady Cottenham, melancholy Mark Ostrer, Sir Alfred and Lady Reid (his namesake, Sir Edward Reid of Barings, gives up week-ends to office work at The

Finland Fund, 9 Upper Belgrave Street, where they want your old fur coats), Mrs. Vernon Tate and her eldest daughter who is her double, the Eric Bowaters who say their infant daughter is plain but fascinating, Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie in uniform as usual, and Lady Jersey, Lady Castlerosse and Mrs. Archie Campbell, wearing a geranium velvet plate. Those *de la boîte* Americans, Mrs. Amcotts Wilson and Mrs. Gwynne

wore collarless mink coats and, on the backs of their heads, small round brown hats made of material—not felt—the American gob cap modified into un *petit chapeau plat* such as Mrs. Julie Thompson describes in the story she has made her own. Julie is in New York appreciating the bright nights which also applies to Mrs. Plunkett, the Denis Conan Doyles, Prince ("Peach" to St. Moritz) Ruspoli, the Jack Wilsons, the Cornelius Dresselhuys, the Torlonia sisters from Rome, Lili Damita, D'Arcy Rutherford, "Ali" Mackintosh (who went round with the Duff Coopers), the Ronald Balcons from St. Anton (her cousin Mrs. Beatrice Cartwright has been operated successfully over there), Mrs. "Doodie" Lawson-Johnston who is dancing at El Morocco with Ernest Boissevain, Raymond Massey with new wife, "Freddy" Lonsdale, Elizabeth Arden and St. Moritzers "Bill" Plankinton and David Grainger. But are we downhearted on the black side of the ocean? The Vivian Corneliuses' cocktail party supplied the answer. David Heneage; Derek Blyth in a very new uniform; popular Jack Thursby off on a course; the much decorated Major Humphrey Butler; Derek Studley-Herbert with his Lady wife and Lady Phyllis Allen; Captain Philip Astley; Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy as a Red Cross nurse with scissors; Miss Rosie Kerr on leave in a new green hat; Mrs. Gulbenkian and "Fatty" Lawson-Johnston; the

Eskdale Fishburns (he saying it is all newspaper tosh about the alleged difficulties with which the alleged bureaucrats smother the alleged exports; that this Government treats exporters as blue-eyed boys—and he should know); the Edward Wills; Lady Doverdale; Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower; Harriet Harriman as an Hussar; Mrs. Pryce Harrison (another American

who is seeing it through); the Ralph Hankés; the Gordon Claridges; amusing "Mollie" Pudakota; bonny Peggy Hamilton; Vladimir Landau, of Monte Carlo; Giles Vandeleur in a jumper; "Jim" Lawrence with tall ex-actress *fiancée*; and the host humming "Through the night of doubt and sorrow" made it a good party. Another was Captain Hubert Martineau's small dinner in day dress for Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril and Lady Newall; and the "Mo" de Miers full-dress gala for sixteen, at which the guest with the most sparkling poise was Senorita Sylvia Regis de Oliviera.

* * *

The All Services Canteen Club held its second housewarming. I told you who attended the first in November, and presumably they turned up to drink tea and be photographed again, like a Priestley time play.



MISS ANN MILLER

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Miller, of Lowndes Square, S.W., has recently announced her engagement to Mr. George Meyrick, son and heir of Sir George Meyrick, of Hinton Admiral, Hampshire, Master of the New Forest Foxhounds. Miss Miller was a *débutante* of 1938. Mr. Meyrick is at present serving with the 9th Lancers



NEW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CANADA

Himself a millionaire, Mr. James Cromwell, husband of the former Doris Duke, reputedly the richest girl in the world, has had his recent political and economic studies crowned by his nomination as United States Minister to Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell were quite recently in this country, as tenants for the season of Glen Prosen, one of Scotland's best grouse moors

"ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS!"

THE WOMEN'S SECTION AIR TRANSPORT AUXILIARY



MISS PAULINE GOWER IN CHARGE OF THIS NEW (WOMEN'S) SECTION OF THE A.T.A.



MISS MONA FRIEDLANDER
THE FAMOUS HOCKEY INTERNATIONAL



MRS. G. PATTERSON AWAITING HER TURN
AT THE AERODROME



A GROUP OF THE NEW PILOTS

This section of the Air Transport Auxiliary, which is already doing very valuable work, has been recruited from women pilots, not one of whom has less than six hundred hours flying experience to her credit, and many of whom, like Miss Pauline Gower and Mrs. Winifred Crossley, are experts. Mrs. Crossley is a specialist in aerobatics which, however, are not likely to be needed in this case, for the duties of this new section is ferrying light training craft from the factories to the R.A.F. depôts. This service will release many men for some far sterner jobs and is a departure to be heartily welcomed. It is probable that the eight women in this section will fly more than 15,000 miles a week between them. Most of them have owned planes of their own at one time or another. Miss Pauline Gower, O.C. this section, is a daughter of Sir Robert Gower, the Member for Rochester



MRS. WINIFRED CROSSLEY AND
MISS JOAN HUGHES



RUDY VALLÉE AND ALICE FAYE

At the famous Victor Hugo Restaurant in the Beverly Hills, Hollywood, where Alice Faye started on her career as an entertainer with Rudy Vallée's famous band where she has had an instantaneous success. Alice Faye's last notable film was *Rose of Washington Square* with Al Jolson and Tyrone Power in the male leads

LET us begin at the end. It is essential, of course, that as the heliotrope curtains close, hero and heroine should be falling into one another's arms. For this to be effective there must have been something to prevent or postpone that not unusual occurrence. Turning over in our minds the possible lets and impediments we realize that most of the ways of preventing Boy from meeting Girl must have been present in Shakespeare's mind before in *Romeo and Juliet* he selected the least stale of them. But what about a suicide pact which, if I remember rightly, came in with the invention of the gas oven? Good. Now what can drive two young people to such a pact? Only, I think, the notion that in this world they can never be united. Which does not get us very far since, having alleged the suicide pact as the reason for separation, one can hardly allege separation as the reason for the pact! No! We must cast our net a bit wider. Let's not make it a suicide pact. Let us say that one of the parties has got to die, and to die at the end of a given time. That should take us somewhere. When, in Wilde's play, Bunbury died because of his confidence in the doctors who told him he could not live, we reflect that we are sitting at a farce. Real life is different. Some people fall dead on their doctor's doorstep three minutes after they have been given a perfectly clean bill of health. Others, given up by their doctors, have been known to live for forty years. This last might be called a stay of execution, which gives us our idea. Why not have our hero condemned to death? Good! But the murder must be an interesting one, since you cannot have a film about a cut-throat who is caught by the police red-handed and rinsing a pearl necklace in a horse trough! Why not a murder in which the man (a) didn't mean to do it, or (b) did it to defend somebody else? We choose the second alternative, the somebody else being the girl. The hero protecting the heroine, we next ask who from. The answer is—her protector, in the worst acceptance of the term. But since all film heroines have to be pure, our heroine must at some time have married the scoundrel who now approaches the hero saying that if he (the hero) wants to carry on with his (the scoundrel's) missus, it's all right with him (the scoundrel)! But what about a little ready money? Then I think we have a scuffle in which the scoundrel, while endeavouring to choke

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

"Twenty-one Days" at the Plaza

the breath out of the hero, gets himself strangled. Next I think we arrange for the hero not to be suspected of the crime. It being dead of night he takes the scoundrel's body and deposits it underneath the arches during the temporary absence of Mr. Flanagan and Mr. Allen. He and the girl then restore to perfect order that flat which, three minutes ago, we saw completely wrecked.

And now, in view of the fact that this is an English film, I think we are getting somewhere. If it were a French film, Boy and Girl would be of the same class. Being an English one, the girl should be upper stenographer while the boy is lower Belgravia, which, incidentally, permits them both to live near Victoria Station. The boy, therefore, has Relatives. Why not give this obviously prodigal son an elder brother? And why not make that elder brother a K.C., and so successful a K.C. that he is on the verge of being appointed to a vacant judgeship?

Let the hero visit the K.C. and confess to the murder, which the K.C. points out is only manslaughter. Then let the K.C., in order to avoid a scandal which will undoubtedly entail the loss of his judgeship, make arrangements for his brother to fly the country. In other words, let the K.C. act as an accessory after the fact—a little thing which film audiences may be safely entrusted not to notice. And now, of course, we must have somebody else wrongly accused of the murder. And what better than an old parson who has come down in the world through drink and who, stumbling over the corpse, is rash enough to rifle it? Whereupon young Scapegrace, who has read of the arrest, tells the K.C. that making off to another country and leaving an innocent man to suffer for his crime is just not cricket. "Wait!" says the K.C. "The man will be committed for trial, but he won't hang. In this country innocent men never do."

Now comes the day of the trial which has to be got through somehow, since so much depends upon the verdict. If the old man is acquitted there is really no reason why Boy and Girl should not go off to South America as arranged. How, then, to get through the day? They consult Mr. Basil Dean who says Southend, knowing how admirably Southend films! Returning by boat—and the reader does not require to be told about the gay scenes on board, the pair arrive in London in time to read in the evening paper that the old clergyman has been sentenced to death. Whereupon the hero makes a bee-line from the jetty to Bow Street, through miles and miles of what appears to be Berwick Market! But meanwhile the heroine has got hold of a later edition of the evening paper in which she learns that the old clergyman, upon being sentenced, died of heart disease. So she makes off in chase of the hero and catches him as he is entering the police station. Finally, Boy and Girl come together again, and the K.C. gets his judgeship.

Galsworthy, who concocted all this some years ago, failed to perceive that it was a dip into the well of English bosh pure and undefiled. He did not perceive that but for the shock of the trial the old clergyman might have maundered on for another twenty years, which means that the hero was his murderer! There is, of course, nobody in Russia who would not have taken this point and made a novel out of it. And there are one or two more questions I should like to ask Mr. Dean. What reason is there for making another barrister who is jealous of the K.C. suspect him of criminality? And why did he allow the same taxi cab to be used for two totally different journeys having nothing to do with each other? Surely British films were never so hard up as all that? Surely they could afford two taxis? Or even two number plates? It only remains for me to add that the whole film held me spellbound and is wildly exciting!

Excellent performances are supplied by Mr. Laurence Olivier as the young man and by Mr. Leslie Banks as his barrister brother. The heroine is rendered by Miss Vivien Leigh with a grace so tulip-like that one wonders her pretty head is not gone with the wind.

J.A.

"SHEPARD'S PIE" AND ITS INGREDIENTS



ANN COVENTRY AND RICHARD HEARNE
IN THEIR "BALLET FANTASTIQUE"



THE BEAUTIFUL LADIES
OF THE CHORUS



SYDNEY

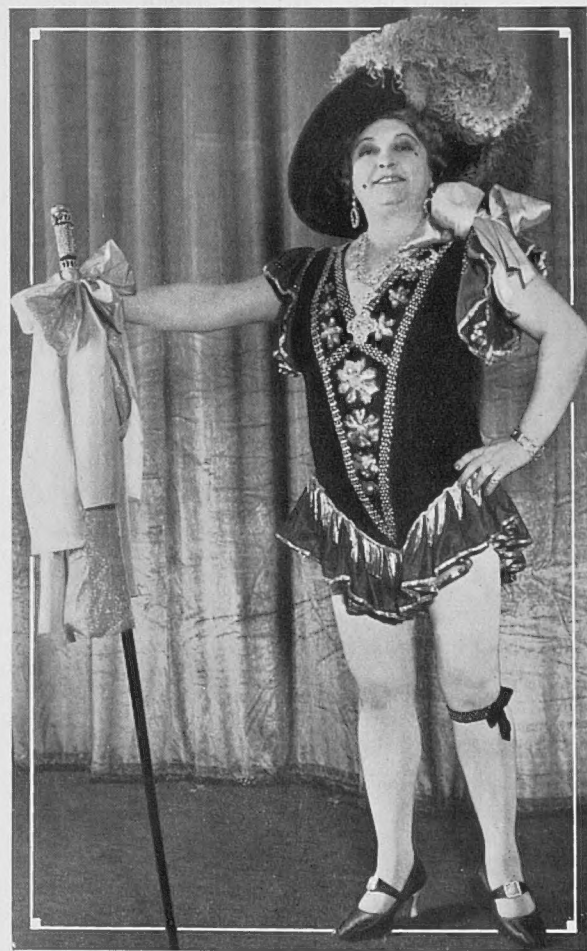
HOWARD



PHYLLIS ROBINS
IN A SONG OR TWO



ARTHUR RISCOE (THE FURORE)
IN "INSIDE INFORMATION"



VERA PEARCE AS
THE GUEST ARTISTE

Photos: Houston Rogers

The cardinal essential of a really good pie is that the ingredients should be perfectly balanced, and furthermore, that each in itself, should be of the first quality. Some shepherd's pie you would not recognize as anything but just homely mince. This *Shepherd's Pie* at Prince's Theatre is very different. There is not a bad bit in it. It is as big a success in this wartime as ever was that old war show *The Bing Boys*, and that is saying a mouthful. In whatever each one does, he and she are at the top of their form. Arthur Riscoe, whether as *The Furore*, or as an evacuee, or as one of the Home Comforts, one "Jimmy Buchanan," tears the tears of laughter out of us; of Vera Pearce the same is true, and probably most true when she bursts on us as that guest artiste: Sydney Howard, with that impassive amphibian manner, takes every chance with both hands, as so great a comedian would. Ann Coventry, who arranged the dances, is seen having a trying time in one of them with Richard Hearne and beautiful Phyllis Robins sings to us as only, so we are assured, angels of the female sex can. The chorus can well be left to speak for its pretty self

I AM at last permitted by the Censor to vouchsafe to you the news that the weather in England for umpteen days after Christmas was extremely cold. While pictures appeared from day to day of soldiers knee deep in snow near the Maginot Line, not one word of what we were enduring in this country was allowed to be mentioned. News editors sat bowed in grief in Fleet Street, lamenting the fact that they could not release those delightful cold weather stories which have been such a feature of daily journalism from time immemorial, whenever the thermometer has remained below freezing point for more than a couple of days. "Coldest Day in Ashby de la Zouch since 1897, Local Surveyor tells Story of Great Frost Forty-two Years ago." "Ice in the Thames Estuary, Skipper Declares Gravesend Colder than Arctic Circle," "Motor Cars Stranded on Ice-bound Roads," "Busy Times for Plumbers, One Hundred and Forty-seven Burst Pipes in Wimbledon." "The Kid-dies Love It!"

(complete with picture of revolting children making the road even more slippery by sliding on their way to school) and "Skating in the Fen Country, First Championship to be Held for Seven Years." Imagine the mortification of any news editor with such journalistic gems just asking to be sent to the compositors, but forbidden by an all-wise Censor to print so much as one word. I wonder what the Germans would have done had they known that in some parts of the British Isles the thermometer dropped to zero? Would they have considered us likely to be so demoralized and weakened by this unaccustomed cold and launched a bloodthirsty attack on us, or what?

With the weather "taboo," news was at a premium. Not a shot had been fired in anger from either the Maginot or Siegfried Lines for quite a week; there was a lull in the fighting in Finland; there was no racing or hunting. Even Lord Haw-Haw had ceased to be entertaining, and like every other German one has heard or seen too much of, had become a bore. Hitler had gone off on a short holiday, while I can only presume that that filthy little beast Goebbels had developed the prevalent 'flu throat, since we had not heard from him for several weeks.

Then from out of the blue—or, rather, I should say from out of Germany—came Fleet Street's saviour, in the person of Miss Mitford, and the whole editorial staff from the youngest reporter to the most staid leader writer

Racing Ragout

By QUINTIN GILBEY

was instructed to cover the arrival in her native land of this young lady who had openly avowed her preference for Germany and her friendship with Hitler, and had pursued the doubtful policy of wearing a swastika badge in Hyde Park.

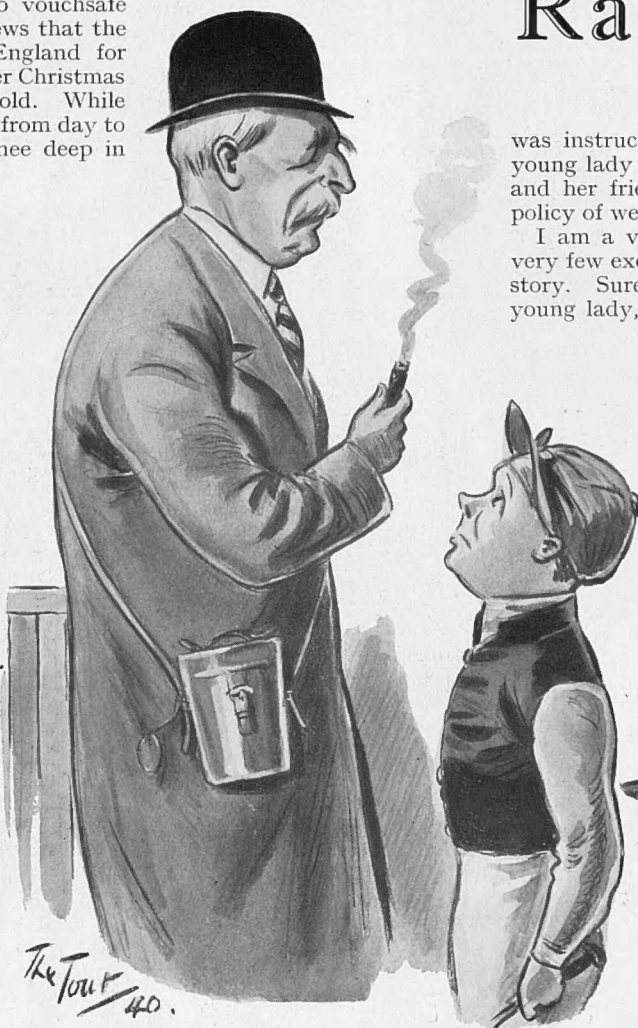
I am a voracious reader of all my contemporaries, but with very few exceptions I think they missed the bus over the Mitford story. Surely, the story lay, not in the arrival of this hysterical young lady, even though she was wounded and in poor health, but in the dislocation of the normal functions of transport at Folkestone and the employment of troops to insure that she should have an uninterrupted journey. Imagine the feelings of the Tommies on guard with fixed bayonets, the dock labourers who were not allowed out to lunch, and the people who had come to meet friends off the boat, and were told that they must meet the train at Victoria. There was no public traffic between the Harbour Station and the Central Station at Folkestone that day. One can only presume that those responsible for these arrangements on behalf of Miss Mitford consider we are winning the war so easily that little things like that don't matter.

As opposed to the flourish of trumpets which greeted the arrival of Miss Mitford, our old friend "Guardrail," for whom I am "subbing" (in the cricketing sense and not the editorial) on this page, slipped almost unnoticed into London last week, on his way to take part in the big stuff overseas, for the second time in his

life. I asked him for a cheery message for his countless friends and admirers, but like all racing men who have been battling for years with moderate handicappers, platers and even worse, he is never a great optimist and even after a couple of liqueur brandies the best he could manage was, "A six years' war, and I won't lay more than eleven to ten on a clear-cut victory, even then." I notice, however, that he still has a couple of horses now in training. May they pop up for him in the early days of the forthcoming

season, for I am assured that they will be strung up early and not held up for what must be considered a very problematical

(Continued on page i.)



LORD BICESTER AND TOMMY CAREY

Rocquilla, owned by Lord Bicester, will be one of the best in the Red Cross Steeplechase to be run at Leopardstown on January 20. He ran well at Windsor the other week, stays well and jumps like a buck. He is a very sound each-way bet

SIR ALEXANDER MAGUIRE AND HIS TRAINER JACK RUTLE



WORKMAN'S OWNER, AND HIS TRAINER JACK RUTLE

Instead of his Grand National winner, Workman, Sir Alexander Maguire runs Sterling Duke in the Red Cross 'Chase on Saturday at Leopardstown. Workman is not yet quite at his best, but is expected to make another bold bid for Aintree honours in the spring. The Red Cross Steeplechase is the biggest prize staged for jumping in Eire, is worth £3,000 and run over four miles. Many of those entered are also engaged in the Grand National at Aintree on April 5

AT THE KILDARE HUNT BALL



LADY GOULDING AND MR. ARTHUR J. DU SAUTOY



MR. AND MRS. NESBIT WADDINGTON



MISS KATHERINE LENEY AND MAJOR TOMMY KIRKWOOD



CAPTAIN HARRY FOWLER AND MISS ALMA BROOKE



CAPTAIN AND MRS. SPENCER FREEMAN



SIR FRANCIS BROOKE AND LADY ATHLUMNEY



MRS. PIERCE SYNNOTT, THE HON. MRS. TRISTRAM MASSY AND MR. PIERCE SYNNOTT

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

quickest way to the finish of this gallery is to say that, in addition to the charming people you see in these pictures, all hunting Kildare was on deck. Lady Goulding, incidentally, is a daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, the Controller of Censorship, and Mr. Waddington (see above, with attractive wife) is manager of the Aga Khan's Kildare stud. Mrs. Waddington is a direct descendant of Collingwood of Trafalgar. Major Tommy Kirkwood needs no introduction to anyone who has ever been in Ireland, India, or America, and Mr. Pierce Synnott and wife and Mrs. Tristram Massy are all constant Kildarites, and so are Captain and Mrs. Spencer Freeman, he being also well known in racing and polo circles

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

An Enthralling Life-Story.

IF an ideal could speak for itself, how it would utter its loathing of the word "committee." Usually a committee is the beginning of the end of any ideal. The history of most Movements is the story of disintegration through numbers of officials. It is always so. Probably, human nature being what it is, so it will ever be. It begins in such a small, almost humble way. And its greatness consists in the faith and self-sacrifice of a few noble souls. Presently there come disciples. The movement becomes wider and larger, less active, but infinitely more eloquent. Adherents flock to its standard. Towards it, all those unsuccessful in other walks of life, but their ambition increasing in ratio to their failure, flock in renewed hopefulness. The business side is perfected. Propaganda reigns. Money pours in. Jobs are to be had. Honours are to be gained. Fame is to be won. Power, above all else, is to be achieved. The Ideal has become Big Business and is usually fought on a few mighty slogans. Those who are not with it absolutely are against it absolutely. A battle begins. Two battles begin: one inside the movement, the other against any opposition. The battle inside the movement usually loses both fights. Jealousies, rivalries, quarrels take the effort once employed by self-sacrifice and faith. People begin to secede, setting up for themselves their own conception of the original ideal. Tyranny creeps in. The end is not far off. The simplest message in the beginning is distorted out of all recognition. Thus history repeats itself over and over again—from Christianity to Socialism.

And the sad tale of such a disillusion is most movingly related by Miss Jennie Lee in her autobiography, "To-morrow is a New Day" (The Cresset Press; 8s. 6d.). She grew up in the early atmosphere of the Labour Movement. She lived among the injustices of past political wrongs. There is no finer set of men than the miners of Britain, but for too long they had suffered from victimisation due to poverty and lack of defence. They were not alone by any means. The whole of the working-classes had never been given their due; not until a small band of working-men, the germ of the present-day Labour Party, gave up their lives to further the justice of their cause. Her own father and grandfather were among these men. She herself grew up in its atmosphere. No wonder later on she threw herself into the fray. She was asked to stand for Parliament in the Labour interest. She was elected by a large majority. Labour came into political power. Yet, in the meantime, something had happened. Labour had ceased to be an ideal and had become a party. The poor for whom she had worked, for the betterment of whose lot she had striven so hard, became, so to speak, only a side-line in an ambitious political scheme. She found herself outside. Perhaps Communism provided the solution? But Communism turned out to be ugly and vindictive. Here is a scene typical of its spirit. Her grandfather, who had given up all his life for his poor comrades, was met by a Communist delegate. The young man going in met the old man coming out, and bawled at him: "What are you doing here? I thought we had got rid of all you old —!"

And yet, everywhere in the world there is need of help, there is beauty, and working-people really demand so little more, apart from the essential knowledge of their own security, to make them happy, worthy citizens of the world. Such men as these, for example (and it seems to me the story sums up the whole hope of the future world situation): "The armistice had been signed, but the blockade against Germany was being rigidly enforced. A quarter of a million British soldiers were quartered in the Rhineland. Ample rations were sent in to them, so that they need not be affected by the blockade. But for all that, Lord Plumer, who commanded the British Army of Occupation in Germany, had to send frenzied telegrams to London and Geneva reporting that the physical efficiency of his men was being undermined by malnutrition. Our soldiers had, as I have said, ample food rations. But no power on earth could prevent the ordinary decent fellows from sharing those rations with the starving German population they were living among." These

are the type of people who should inherit the earth, and for whom the original labour idealists fought their early battles, and, too often since, have got lost themselves in the fray. Here, too, is the interesting and deeply moving autobiography of one who was born and bred



MISS SYLVIA LLOYD-THOMAS, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

The engagement of Lord Harlech's son and heir, the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, to the charming original of the above picture was announced in the middle of December. Miss Lloyd-Thomas is the second daughter of that famous gentleman rider, the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd-Thomas, and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd-Thomas



Photos: Cannons of Hollywood

MRS. GERALD AINSLIE-TATE

The wife of the talented young composer, artist, and author of some excellent books on French history. Mrs. Ainslie-Tate is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. N. Lacy

among the working-class poor and who therein paints a finer picture of their spirit and their needs than a whole library of sheer political ideology and propaganda. It is a memorable book.

Pure Romance.

Remembering that superb brilliant satire, "Cold Comfort Farm," I feel rather like a Victorian débutante entering a party, accompanied by an extra-awful inferiority complex, when dealing with Miss Stella Gibbons's new novel, "My American" (Longmans; 8s. 6d.). Is it a "genuine fairy-story of love in our dangerous modern world," as the wrapper declares, or is it a fairy-tale written with the tongue tickling the cheek inside, but so delicately that any Victorian débutante, now slightly time-damaged, but still believing in love at first sight and for ever, might feel that she had not been let down? I am not quite convinced myself as yet. However, at the moment I am all on the side of a genuine pure romance. I am bolstering up my belief by the fact that Miss Gibbons was, in the beginning, a poet, and, once a poet, always a romantic; even though experience may have locked romance away among the other dreams, only to be brought out on very special occasions—like being alone in the twilight over a fire, with no possible human interruption tip-toeing stealthily towards the door.

In any case, you will judge from this preamble that "My American" isn't in the least bit typical Stella Gibbons. It isn't! All the same, it is a charming story, a charming love-story, with just enough entertainment among the subsidiary characters to prevent you from believing that, somehow or other, you had wandered into the domain of Annie S. Swan, or—less well known nowadays—the realm of Rosa Nouchette

(Continued on page 76)

TWO OF HOLLYWOOD'S BRIGHT LIGHTS



GREER GARSON AND HER MOTHER, MRS. MINA GARSON,
IN THEIR HOLLYWOOD GARDEN



LUPE VELEZ,
AND (BELOW)

IN HER
SWIMMING-POOL



Greer Garson, whose excellent performance in *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* is still very fresh in the memories of us all, has been hard at work on her next big part—the lead in *Susan and God*—since the middle of last summer. In the stage play, Gertrude Lawrence made a big success in New York, and there is every reason to anticipate that the same result will accrue in the film version. The picture has not progressed much beyond the casting stage, and one item of information is that Fredric March is to be the male lead. Lupe Velez, former wife of the ex-world's champion swimmer, Johnny Weissmuller, does a bit in that line herself, as the swimming-pool in her garden suggests

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Carey. And, like all romantic love-stories, it is strictly in the Cinderella tradition. Amy and Bob met first of all as very young children in Ken Wood. The meeting lasted only a few minutes, but they never forgot each other. They parted, and most of the book takes up their separate lives, until, towards the end, they meet once more, and quite the best thing possible for both of them happens on the instant. Amy was a poor orphan, who had to earn her own living. She entered the editorial offices of an old-fashioned boys' magazine, and almost immediately wrote a masterpiece, which brought her fame and bejewelled ear-rings. Meanwhile, Bob, way back in America—for he was an American and was such a darling in every way that he really was the ideal which every elderly spinster once hoped to marry, and every married woman finds she hasn't—had fallen into evil company.

He, of course, needed a good woman's influence, and he got it when Amy, whose novels were published and filmed with ever-increasing success, came to America on a lecture-tour. They met in New York. Met actually, that is, because they had been meeting in their imagination and in their memory ever since the afternoon in Ken Wood. Need I add any more? Except, perhaps, that it seems rather strange to read a fairy-story told in the somewhat "flat" colloquialism of modern speech. Though why not? A fairy-tale is what you bring to any love-story, be it born in a sylvan glade or at a cocktail-party. And the art of telling it is the art of knowing where to leave off. True to this tradition, Miss Gibbons leaves off at just the right moment, and, craftily, before we have had just a little too much. The result is quite delightful, especially for those who *believe*. I can only wish that fate had a large secretariat and that in it Miss Gibbons, in her "My American" mood, held a high position, ruling the destiny of us all.

Another Side of Romance.

The thousands of readers who will find "My American" just their romantic cup of tea will merely find tea-leaves in Mr. Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male" (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.). On the other hand, some hundreds of readers will consider this exciting story of one escape after another more in the true spirit of romance, if romance be something you would like to believe in, but find it more and more difficult as time goes on. The hero, whose name we never know, once had the encouraging hardihood to aim a rifle at a dictator. The dictator came to no harm; it was the rifleman who very nearly died. After torture, he was dropped over a precipice. But did he die? He did not. He survived, and thereafter made a speciality of escape. For instance, he escaped out of the dictator-ridden country, which was a miracle; then, against all traditions, he miraculously escaped the British police. In Aldwych Station he killed a pursuer, but managed to evade capture. In between all these exciting occasions, it must have been rather tame to

spend so much time under a hedge between Beaminster and Lyme Regis; but then there were always ominous warnings to disturb his peace. How he makes his lasting escape with his dead enemy's passport, which, incidentally, was a fake, ends a story which may well be described as breathless and, in its category of exciting adventure, is very good indeed.

For the Best of Good Causes.

Very good also, if you make allowances, is "Rose Window" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by various writers, all the proceeds of which are to be handed over for the benefit of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The contributions are on a high level, if not always on the highest level of which the contributors have proved themselves capable. But that is not to be expected under the circumstances, perhaps. Suffice that each contribution is well worthy of being included

in what must be considered a kind of glorified miscellany. It is divided into sections—short stories, essays, poems and plays. Among the story-tellers are Helen Simpson and A. G. Macdonell; and Sir Hugh Walpole contributes a chapter from a future novel, which is good but necessarily tantalising. There are poems by Humbert Wolfe, Walter de la Mare, and Edmund Blunden; and, among other things, a most amusing account of a theatrical charity by Noel Coward, a small drama by Emyln Williams, and a cleverly done fantasy on the old age of Casanova, by George Preedy; while among the illustrations there are some very characteristic Anna Zinkeisens. In short, it is excellent value for anybody's money and a pleasure to buy for other reasons than the main one, which is to help a most deserving cause.

There is something for everybody, too—something very, very good—in "The Queen's Book of the Red Cross" (Hodder and Stoughton; 5s.). Most of the contributions have to do with war, but none of them with actual fighting. Rather, each one is a sidelight of war, among which Lord Mottistone's tale of an old war-horse is most moving; and Jan Struther's Mrs. Miniver out on wartime Christmas shopping most amusing. Lovely, too, is Miss Gracie Fields' little sketch, "On Getting Better"; and Miss Delafield's Provincial Lady in wartime is a delightful encounter. Alone, Mr. D. L. Murray's story of Private Jem Hanson—"Only a Sojer": a story of the Crimea and Florence Nightingale at Scutari—is well worth the money asked for the whole book. Added to all these things and many others equally good, the book is splendidly illustrated—a charming photograph of her Majesty the Queen in Buckingham Palace opening the volume, with a personal Christmas message written by the Queen herself and reproduced in facsimile. Briefly, a host of good things: quite one of the very best literary contributions to the funds of the Red Cross I have ever read. Indeed, well worth buying for its own account, but doubly so on account of the help its purchase would contribute to a noble cause.



Philip Palmer

MRS. YVONNE MACDONALD, MECHANISED TRANSPORT CORPS

Mrs. Macdonald is now somewhere in France in command of the first women's unit sent over and will shortly be driving her own ambulance. This corps is a purely voluntary organisation, the members supplying their own cars and equipment and also bearing the cost of maintenance. Mrs. Macdonald is a daughter of Mrs. H. G. Lawson-Johnston and of the late Mr. Edmund Bell, of Buenos Aires

PERSONALITIES AT A RECENT CAVALRY DANCE



MAJOR AND MRS. OLIVER THYNNE AND
MR. AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER THURSFIELD



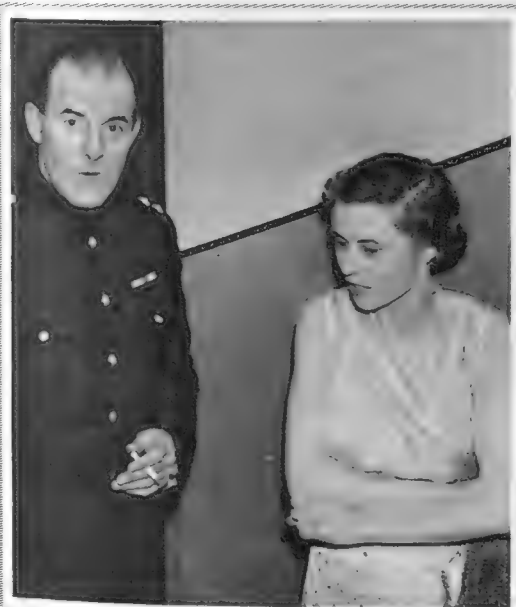
MRS. GARNETT AND LORD LANSDOWNE
WERE PARTNERS



LIEUT. L. P. G. KELLY, M.C., LADY DOROTHEA HEAD
AND MR. CRICHTON



MISS JOYCE DEANE, CAPTAIN E. H. DEACON, M.F.H.,
AND CAPTAIN J. SEELY



MR. W. QUENNEL AND MRS. BUXTON

The pictures on this page are the fruit of a very good dance given by the officers of a Cavalry Brigade H.Q. and of a Yeomanry Squadron and their wives in aid of a fund for the welfare of other ranks. The venue is unfortunately censorable, but it suffices to say that it was a noted old hostelry which once bore the name of the King's Head on account of a romantic connection with Charles I. Lady Dorothea Head, who was one of the organisers of the dance, is the elder daughter of Lord Shaftesbury, and was married in 1935 to Captain Anthony Head, who is a cavalry soldier. Major Oliver Thynne is the son of Colonel Ulric Thynne, a kinsman of Lord Bath. Lieutenant Kelly used to be in a Lancer regiment, has commanded a Yeomanry unit, and has now reverted to his Regular rank. Lord Lansdowne succeeded his distinguished father in 1936. Captain Deacon, in 1934, took over the Newmarket and Thurlow, whose country was hunted a hundred years ago by the famous Squire Osbaldeston

Photos. : Howard Barrett



MR. AND MRS. R. HOARE

Priscilla in Paris

"his house" speak of him still as the Prince of Wales? That Paris should do so is not surprising, but these youngsters amazed me. The broad terrace of the new Trocadéro—I mean the "Palais Chaillot"—affords a fine, and breezy, view over the city, and the golden dome of the Invalides in the misty distance suggests the next halt. Napoleon's tomb, even buried as it is under a mound of sandbags, must be visited; besides, if one enters by the gate on the Esplanade des Invalides, our Young Visitors are delighted with the Other War trophies and the very fine collection of arms that is to be found in the gallery beyond the *cour d'honneur*. I thought I should never be able to coax two youngsters belonging to one of the Tank battalions away from the Citroën cars that made the first trans-Saharan trip and are now on view at the Musée de l'Armée.

So much for the monuments of Paris . . . or do I include our amazing Mistinguett, who appears twice daily in a revue, *Paris is Always Paris*, at the Étoile-Palace? The boys adore her and, as a twenty-year-old lad, who hails from Cape Town and considers himself a world-weary and experienced traveller, remarked: "I'd leave my happy home again for her." His happy home being, by this time, somewhere between Maginot and Siegfried! I believed him. The Leave Club is going strong and everyone is working hard to make it the same success as before, from "Lady Decima," as the boys call her, to "Little Tich." I have lost my heart to Little Tich. I am still not very clear as to the various ranks of the B.E.F., and I don't quite know

whether he is plain soder or plain bottle-washer. Anyway, he is on the permanent—if anything can be considered permanent in wartime—military staff of the Leave Club, and especially, by request, producer of a nice-cup-o'-tea at all hours. He has a charming, though toothless, grin. Brazen enquiries about this lack of grinders exacted the information that he has lost "three sets" since he left England. The first vanished overboard on the transport that brought him to France. The second was "borrowed and not returned," and the third was lost in a particularly tragic manner. There were "sossidges" with the turkey on Christmas Day; sossidges that looked as if they hailed from Cambridge, but which must have travelled *via* Marseilles. He took one heaping mouthful and—bit straight away on a dollop of garlic!

What would you have done, Très Cher? Exactly! But Little Tich, being a real nobleman, *swallowed* in a hurry (and without discrimination) . . . and exit teeth to quick music! It was a great swallow! More and more one realises how seriously and grimly this war is taken by the young generation, which considers it is finishing what their elders began in '14-18. But since, even when serious, one must have *le mot pour rire*, how about the following?:

Two boys were enquiring about the respective merits of the Casino de Paris and the Folies Bergère. Needless to say that Josephine Baker and Maurice Chevalier at the Casino won easily. Lady Decima Moore, of whom they asked the way to get there, was full of excellent advice about not having too much money in their pockets and remembering what they were told in the G.R.O. "That's all right, Madame," answered Stalky, Junior, "don't you worry about us; we's not doing much of that sort of thing in *this* war"! Josephine, by the way, belongs to the crack formation of the Croix-Rouge, the I.P.S.A. (Infirmières Pilotes et Secouristes de l'Air), and is working herself to a shadow entertaining the troops over-and-above her seven nightly performances and two matinées weekly. I'd like to send you her photo. in uniform, but t'aint allowed.—PRISCILLA.



JEANNE BOITEL, BACK FROM THE EAST TO THE THÉÂTRE AUX ARMÉES

When war broke out the charming young actress was in Singapore on an Eastern theatrical promenade with Henri Rollan. They rushed back post-haste, he to join the Army and Jeanne to join up with the organisation which is entertaining the *Poilus*

TRÈS CHER—Nearly all the theatres are open again, even the Théâtre du Petit Monde, which has been touring the provincial towns and has now returned to Paris, where, during the holidays at all events, there have been plenty of children to justify its existence. Having been permitted to make merry—as merry as circumstances allow—till 2 a.m. over Christmas and the New Year, Paris finds it difficult to return to the 11 p.m. curfew. First-night performances, of which there have been plenty, run things fine, and then it is up to the critics to follow suit in catching the last bus or *metro*. Taxis are rare and private cars even rarer; besides, there is a dearth of private chauffeurs and few of our elderly critics are owner-drivers. Running to catch the *transports en commun* does not seem to be their *forte*, either. They are doing their job under difficult conditions, and I am thinking of forming a motor unit to convey them to their various abodes, since so many of them appear, to live in the far-distant wilds of Auteuil, Passy or Neuilly.

Meanwhile, Miss Chrysler 1924 has been making herself quite useful in showing Paris to a few of *les Tommies* who have been staying at the Leave Club. The usual round: Grands boulevards; the Opera House and along the rue de la Paix; Place Vendôme; Concorde; Champs Élysées; Arc de Triomphe; and the Avenue Foch. A rapid run—as rapid as the guardians permit—around the Bois de Boulogne to show them the racecourses of Longchamp and Auteuil and, having discovered it to be a point of extreme interest, down the boulevard Suchet, so that they may see where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor live. Do you know that six out of the eight lads who were so anxious to see



Star Presse

GENEVIÈVE GUITRY

Fourth wife of the first renowned actor-dramatist, but the first to bear his name on the playbills. Mme. Guitry is playing in *Florence*, her husband's new play at the Madeleine Theatre. When they were still only engaged, they were seen in London at the Coliseum with Sir Seymour Hicks



IRINA BARONOVA TO MAKE FILM DÉBUT IN "FLORIAN"

The unchallenged successor to Pavlova has been specially brought to Hollywood to play in the new M.-G.-M. production *Florian*, the period of which is in the reign of the late Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, and the famous Lipizzan horses are interwoven in the story. The picture is at present in only its very early stages, and will not therefore arrive anywhere near us for some considerable time to come. Baronova not only dances but has what is called a glamorous part to play. The male lead is Robert Young and Helen Gilbert is another "name" in the cast



REICHSMINISTER DOKTOR GOEBBELS

I KNEW DR. GOEBBELS

By MICHAEL ARLEN

WE were not formally introduced, it is true. I did not have the honour, in point of fact, of actually meeting Reichsminister Dr. Goebbels. But I did have the honour of receiving a very dirty look indeed from the little toad. And I am very proud of this, for ever since

magnificent, that even the expressionless detectives, who were taking a day off from routine duties to help keep Reichsminister Dr. Goebbels intact, stared at it with awe. Keep an eye on that hat, please, for we shall return to it.

We had been told some time before that the Doktor was shortly to honour Greece with a short visit. Last spring, you may remember, there were some rumours about the little man's private life, and it was said that he was travelling for his health. These rumours concerned the adulterous passion of Dr. Goebbels for the wife of the actor Herr Fröhlich and the consequent blacking of Dr. Goebbels' left eye by Herr Fröhlich, bless him. And it was said that Mrs. Goebbels had lodged a complaint with Herr Hitler to the effect that she was fed to the back teeth with her loving husband. But the Fuehrer had, apparently, soothed her in the following terms: "We all know, dear, that Reichsminister Dr. Goebbels stinks. But it is because Joe stinks that the greater German Reich needs him as Minister of Propaganda. Of course, if you insist on his disappearance, I know that Herr Himmler is eager to oblige you. But please think it over, for even amongst my friends I shall only with difficulty find another accomplished scoundrel like little Goebbels."

And here he was, the great man, the third man in Germany, here he was bang in front of my eyes, a dolled-up little chap with a weasel face surrounded by servile German secretaries and attachés, an arrogant and intolerable little monster in whom was concentrated all the venom and corruption of this unhappy world. Here he was, the man who laughed at the pain of helpless people, who sneered at the agony of weeping Jews, here he was strolling into the hotel beneath me, a safe and honoured figure, with a cold smile on his pointed weasel face and his superb silk hat set jauntily on his sleek little head.

It made me mad. It always makes me mad when people get away with murder and grin happily ever after. I wanted to throw a brick down at him. I wanted to spoil his nattiness for him. I wanted to knock his hat off. I wanted to forget I was a naturalized Englishman and become an Armenian again. I wanted to be a Jew and revenge all Jews.

I admire the Jews profoundly, but why have they not, regardless of all consequences, revenged themselves on monsters like Streicher and Goebbels? Why have they not done as we Armenians would have done—and did, when the Turks oppressed us? For before the strong and wise Kemal Ataturk made Turkey the civilised Power she is to-day, the friend of righteousness and the enemy of intolerance, a party called the Young Turks tried to annihilate my countrymen. And the Young Turks slew us, but we slew them also. We lay in ambush, and we murdered our murderers. And to teach us our lesson as slaves and dogs, they slew us in our thousands and our tens of thousands, and they raped our sisters and whipped our mothers. So we lay hidden, and murdered them one by one. And they slew us again, and we killed them stealthily. They had three leaders, Enver Pasha, Djemal Pasha, Talaat Pasha—Hitler, Goering, Goebbels. And young Armenian outlaws spied on them patiently and slew them and kicked their corpses.

To hell with suffering patiently. To hell with doing nothing in case worse might befall. You die once, but you can be humiliated for a long, long time. You can be humiliated for a long time after you are dead. To hell with resignation. Were I a Jew in Germany, were I a million Jews, I had rather any day be killed, as my people and their children were no longer than twenty years ago, than be made to lick a beastly German's spittle and call it honey.

And so I spat on Reichsminister Dr. Goebbels' superb silk hat as he passed below me. It was a great relief, I can tell you. I missed widely, of course, for I am not practised in the art, but the gesture of spitting on that beastly man who has become a leader of beastly men was a very great relief to me. And don't talk to me about "good form," either. We are fighting Germans, not nursemaids. One of the troubles with England in this war is that there are not enough Armenians here to keep on telling us that we can't all be the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I first saw a photograph of Herr Doktor Goebbels years ago I have disliked him more than anybody or anything on earth—with the possible exception of all B.B.C. comedians.

It was last spring, and I was in Athens. Dear me, how lightly we use words—only to find them echoing remembered enchantments that we shall never recapture. "It was last spring, and I was in Athens." The words recall too poignantly the quietness of another world, in which we all, ever childish, still clung to the measureless illusion of hope.

But let us forget lovely, remembered, impossible things and get on with the story. My wife and I, then, were in Athens, staying at the hotel which all travellers know. Our rooms on the second floor gave out to a large and wide terrace which overlooks the entrance to the hotel and Bar, the rendezvous of all Athens, all Europe, all the world. One spent a great deal of time on this spacious terrace, pretending to work or to read. But inspiration was not for me in the murmuring trees in the square below, nor in the splendour of the crowned Acropolis reaching to the swift white clouds.

I did little but gaze down at the life of the town. From my terrace you could watch the people taking their tiny cups of coffee beneath the trees in the square, you could marvel at the furious speed of the ancient taxis driven by chauffeurs engaged in animated political discussion with their fares behind, you could gaze with awe at open cars crammed with expressionless detectives following and guarding the limousine of His Excellency General Metaxas, you could glimpse the splendid uniforms of perspiring diplomats setting out in hired cars from the hotel to present their credentials to His Majesty King George of the Hellenes, you could follow the changing of the guard outside the grim bulk of the Old Palace across the square, you could envy the fruitfully amiable complexions of the Englishmen of the oil company entering the Bar for their morning Martinis, you could call out to your Greek acquaintances, immaculate and unhurried and gaily talkative, strolling in to pass the time of day with the same friends whom they see every day and with whom they remorselessly shake hands on greeting and on parting, and you could be absorbed in all these very interesting sights without for one second losing your awareness of the Parthenon, a mile away on its steep hill, painted by the gods against the glorious sky of Greece.

And it was from this terrace that I looked down on the arrival of the elegant figure whose name heads this page. Did I say "elegant"? He was the most natty, nasty bit of work I have ever seen, and seeing that I have lived in Cannes for close on fifteen years I should be quite a judge. He was terrific. He was wearing a morning-coat which fitted him too divinely, while his modish striped trousers fell so correctly that you could imagine them clinging lovingly to his small natty bottom, which was mercifully hidden from us by his coat-tails. He was terrific, was the doctor. But we are forgetting his hat. It was a silk hat of such glossy splendour, so unruffled, so matchless, so

MRS. ARCHIE
CAMPBELL,
WHO IS
WORKING
HARD AT
THE
RED CROSS

A recent studio portrait of the most attractive wife of Captain Archie Campbell, who is in a Rifle Regiment whose designation the Censor does not allow us to give, in case the vigilant enemy may not know it already. It is, however, permitted to say that a battalion of it is commanded by her brother-in-law, Lieut.-Colonel Edward Fitzgerald Campbell. Another brother-in-law is Sir Guy Campbell, who also used to be a Rifleman and has been busy making what Lord Castlerosse considers the perfect golf-course at Killarney

Photo.: Antony Beauchamp



B

AN UNUSUAL AND
BEHIND THE SCENE

HOW THEY PUT 'EM ON!:
MURIEL MILLER AND HER TIGHTS



A PRETTY KNITTER AND "CHARLIE,"
FRONT END OF HORSE (SEE ABOVE)



ONE OF THE CHORUS HAS A SPOT
OF SHUT-EYE



A HAUL ON THE MAIN-BRACE FOR THE
FAIRIES' SCENE



THE JOHN TILLER
IN CINDERELLA
(AT TOP) LESLIE SARONI
AND DORIS

Admit it or not, every one of us
vice, curiosity, and are intensely thr
scenes and gives us the American
This is precisely what these picture
where Francis Laidler's big pantom
delighted audiences. The pictures
into their tights head-first, that ev
have their compensating moments, th
she is, has to get ready to face the fo
dancers have to take on physical jerks
it is all rather hard work is manifested b

corner of a little butterfly slumbering. Kirby's flying ballet, one of whom and the owner are seen
air for many a day—and done it very delightfully, as we all no doubt know. Cinderella was snapp

LE ON "CINDERELLA": SS AT THE COLISEUM



GIRLS AS THE MICE
LA'S KITCHEN

(ON CAB), LESLIE HOLMES
FRED-EMNEY

suffers from that sometimes forgivable
elled when anyone lets us in behind the
low-down on how anything is done.
s do, taken back-stage at the Coliseum,
ime is being given to a succession of
now us that lovely ladies do not get
n the forelegs of a pantomime horse
at even Prince Charming, glamorous as
dlights' merciless glare, and that charming
that look very painful to most of us! That
y the pretty picture in the bottom left-hand
n another picture, have provided Peter Pan and anyone else who wants them with sprites of the
ed as she makes her first entrance in the wood scene, and very charming Joan Cole looks, forbye!



PRINCE CHARMING MAKES UP:
PATRICIA BURKE AND LIPSTICK



"OUCH!": THE TURNER TWINS DO A BIT
OF REHEARSING



UNHOOKING ONE OF KIRBY'S FLYING BALLET
(JOHN KIRBY; CENTRE)



CINDERELLA (JOAN COLE) MAKES HER
FIRST ENTRANCE



Lucas & Monroe

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND DONALD COOK IN "SKYLARK" IN NEW YORK

The critics ticket *Skylark* a moderate play, but the New York audiences are reported to be raving about our Gertrude Lawrence, and her performance in it. The play, which is by Samson Raphaelson, is about a lady who tries to flirt with her husband, who, in this case, would need to be pretty dumb if he did not let her succeed. *Skylark* is at the Morosco Theatre in New York

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher gathered her class together and asked, "Now, Mary, what is your definition of the word 'Peace'?"

Mary, a very small evacuee, answered, "Please, Miss, when the lady we're staying with gets the last of us washed, she marches us up to bed, and then says, 'Now for a bit of peace.'"

The dear old lady had been shopping in the department store. As she was about to leave she discovered that she had lost her handbag. Presuming that she had left it at one of the counters, she returned to "Umbrellas," only to be informed that no handbag had been left there.

The same thing happened at "Gloves," "Books," and the other counters she visited. None of the assistants had found a handbag.

Discouraged, she was just leaving the shop again when the girl at the "Perfumery" counter called her back.

"Excuse me, madam," said the assistant, "but I believe you left your handbag here."

The old lady was profuse in her thanks, and as she turned to go she added: "And to think of all the hundreds employed here and you the only honest one among them!"

Several young men were candidates for commissions in an officers' training camp. The instructor called upon a rather obese one to explain the solution of a problem in tactics. The fat one rose, made one or two wild efforts, and then admitted that the problem was beyond him.

"You seem to be better fed than taught," said the instructor cuttingly.

"Yes, sir," replied the candidate. "You teach me, but I feed myself."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

The old-fashioned grandmother was tucking her modern four-year-old grandson into bed.

"Now, my dear child," she whispered softly, "are you ready for your bedtime story?"

"Not to-night, grandmother," murmured the child.

"Then," offered the old lady, "shall I sing you a lullaby?"

"No," said the four-year-old, a little snappily; "no lullaby."

The grandmother was puzzled. "Then what can I do for you, my child?" she asked.

"Well," proposed the child, "suppose you take a walk and let me get some sleep."

A beggar knocked, unwittingly, at the door of the village policeman. The door opened and, with cap in hand and head bent, the beggar started telling the tale.

"I didn't eat yesterday," he whined, "and I didn't eat to-day." He raised his eyes and noticed the blue-uniformed legs. "And, lumme," he ended, "I don't care a hang if I don't eat to-morrow, either!"

The elderly maiden aunt received a letter from her ten-year-old niece:

"DEAR AUNT MARTHA—Thank you for your nice present. I have always wanted a pin-cushion, but not very much."

The absent-minded professor was reading earnestly on a train when the conductor asked for his ticket. Frantically he searched for it.

"Never mind," the conductor said. "When you find it, send it to the company. I'm certain you have it."

"I know I have it!" exploded the traveller. "But what I want to know is, where in the world am I going?"

"ALL CLEAR"
AT
QUEEN'S THEATRE



(ABOVE) BEATRICE LILLIE
(WICKED SPY), BOBBY HOWES
(IN HIS THREE-IN-ONE KIT),
FRED EMNEY; (BELOW) BOBBY
HOWES AND BEATRICE LILLIE,
ADÈLE DIXON, ROBERT EDDI-
SON AND JEAN GILLIE

This revue at the Queen's Theatre gives two people in particular—Beatrice Lillie and Fred Emney—and everyone in general a chance to be at their liveliest and funniest, even though some may think that Bobby Howes might have been given some more and better ammunition to fire and that Adèle Dixon and Robert Eddison are in much the same predicament. Beatrice Lillie scores all along the line, but principally, perhaps, in her song "I'm Madly Keen to Entertain the Troops"—a sly slap at the super-glamour girl! Fred Emney's dry humour always gets over and he has a great time with his tricks at that piano and a droll ascent in that barrage sausage



Stuart

OFFICERS OF A BATTALION OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

By rights we ought to say that the above is a group of the Tins or the Greys, just to deceive the enemy, but it really does not matter, for whenever and wherever the Bosche meet a Highland regiment they will remember it

The names are: (l. to r., standing) 2nd Lieut. D. A. H. Wills, 2nd Lieut. J. A. Crawford, 2nd Lieut. I. Macdonald, 2nd Lieut. F. L. Mackie, Lieut. and Q.M. J. Cooper, 2nd Lieut. G. W. Walker, 2nd Lieut. C. D. Hunter, 2nd Lieut. G. A. M. Panton, 2nd Lieut. A. D. Macleod; (middle row) 2nd Lieut. O. F. Ross, 2nd Lieut. F. Gilmour, 2nd Lieut. H. K. Junior, 2nd Lieut. C. B. R. Butchart, Captain J. Macleod, Captain R. Burton, Captain J. A. Tweedie, 2nd Lieut. D. F. Melvin, 2nd Lieut. W. R. Robertson, 2nd Lieut. J. M. Munro Kerr; (sitting) Captain T. M. Threlfall, Captain Lord Fincastle, Major W. A. Macleay, Major S. H. Hill, Major A. P. C. Hannay, M.C., Captain D. B. Lang (Adj.), Major J. Robertson, R.A.M.C., Captain I. J. Milne and Captain F. S. G. Fraser (Chaplain)

It is unusual for a jockey to be required to send in his jacket when he is winning races. It is only when, either by incompetence or by sheer wickedness, he is losing them he is taken off. Pulling their heads off, as the racing jargon has it, would be counted as "wickedness": only being able to get them home when someone throws the winning-post at his horses would be rated as "incompetence."

* * *

And here is something from an ex-"Gunman"—also one-time Frontier "Gangster"—

It seems rather unnecessary to do away with The Shop and Sandhurst, and hits a lot of youngsters very hard. "All Commissions from the Ranks" I look on as a bit of N.B.G. advertising and all poppy-cock. And all this palling-up between officers and O.R.s much the same. As for censorship, my sympathies are thoroughly with you newspaper-men. The people in charge have evidently got secrecy on the brain, and, not knowing what is



O'Brien

THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY ADARE'S SON

This group was taken at the Parish Church, Adare, on the auspicious occasion of the christening of the future Lord Dunraven. Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin and Lady Charles Cavendish were godparents, and are seen in the photograph with Lady Adare. Lord Adare and the Earl of Dunraven are at back; the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Mellissa, the two small girls with Lady Adare, are her daughters

Pictures in the Fire

valuable and what is not, are passing everything regardless. (I was a Cable Censor once myself, so I don't speak without my book.)

* * *

"Spanner's Horse" and many other units of our newly-caparisoned Army will no doubt have been relieved to read the following official notification about Dress—Army—when not fighting—permitted—

All ranks, whether on leave or at their stations, may be permitted to wear plain clothes for the purpose of athletic exercises for which a special dress is necessary.

This means, of course, that the Nth Hussars and the Umph L., and some more, need not wear blue overalls with grease marks when they go out fox-hunting (that being an athletic exercise within the meaning of this order), and that other mechanised licensed slayers can wear plus-fours for either golf, smack-feather, fishin' or shootin'.

* * *

The Man in the Street who may try to take an intelligent interest in the Big Subject which concerns him and the whole of the rest of the world so closely can be forgiven if at times he gets a bit befogged. For instance, two very eminent authorities, M. Charles Morice and Major General A. C. Temperley, differ very considerably in their considered estimates of what we have got to meet in the main theatre of land warfare. M. Morice, in his always interesting article in the *Sunday Graphic*, says: "The number of [German] Divisions remains unchanged. It is between 80 and 85. . . . If we calculate each division an estimate of 15,000 men, we obtain a total of 1,250,000."

M. Morice says that this is not enough for a general offensive which would embrace "Holland, Belgium . . . lower Alsace at the same time." Major-General Temperley says in the *Sunday Times*: "It would be reasonable to suppose that if they started the war with 120 divisions, they will have increased them by another 100 divisions of partially trained men by next spring."

* * *

In other places it has been stated that the Germans



IN PEACEFUL (?) SWITZERLAND

Mrs. Wanamaker Munn and daughter Fernanda, well-known New York "socialites," at St. Moritz—peaceful, unless anyone tries to show ugly



AT "BEHIND THE SCHEMES"

The Hon. Theodora Benson, Lord and Lady Charnwood's younger daughter, Mr. Beverley Nichols and Oriel Ross (Lady Poulett) at the Shaftesbury first night of Mr. G. H. Grimaldi's newspaper play

By "SABRETACHE"



RICHARD TAUBER AND WIFE
(DIANA NAPIER)

Another St. Moritz picture, where winter sports are a defence against any other kind of "sport"—at the moment. Switzerland will not be caught napping!

had 100 divisions in or close up to the Western line before they had finished slaughtering the Poles, and that, since that operation has been concluded, they have brought over another 130 divisions, which, incidentally, would *not* include troops that had not been shot over. Suppose we split the difference and say that the Germans now have 200 divisions on their Western Wall, and say that each division means 15,000 and not 12,000 men, this would produce a total of 3,000,000 ready at this moment and irrespective of any partially trained additions.

In his first pronouncement on the land war the Pooh-Bah of the armed might of Germany said that he was quite prepared to "sacrifice 2,000,000 men to win in the West." Then he dropped down to 1,000,000. Upon neither occasion did he venture upon any prediction of the period of time. Suppose we took Pooh-Bah seriously, would his estimate of the probable wastage of war work out? He will need a minimum of double his own figure, and even then . . . ! He may have 4,000,000 men by the spring, and again I say "even then . . ."

* * *

It is a big Army to supply with rations, ammunition and, above all in these over-mechanised days, with petrol. Perhaps neither side will be able to use much petrol excepting in their 'planes, for it is surely manifest that as things are a war of movement is not on the map. It seems as if the theory that mechanisation would mean hyper-dynamic war has fallen down. To carry things a little further: if having massed all this metal on wheels upon a front where the road is up, and you know that you must force a decision some time or other and you cannot move it, what is the answer? If you think all these things on wheels are any use at all, surely you must find some other spot where they can be set in motion?



AT THE OXFORD PANTOMIME BALL

This ball was held on the stage of the New Theatre, Oxford, in aid of charities and was a huge success. In the picture are Miss Eve Lister, Mr. Stanley Dorrill, managing director of the theatre—a most popular personality—Miss Marjorie Sandford, principal boy in the Oxford pantomime *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and Major H. O. Hartley



Stuart

A GROUP OF SIGNALS EXPERTS SOMEWHERE NORTH

Again we find our lips sealed by the Censor's sealing-wax, but these officers are all connected with the transfer of information and orders in the time of conflict

The names are: (l. to r., standing) 2nd Lieut. G. N. S. Robertson, 2nd Lieut. R. Munro, 2nd Lieut. D. Ruth, 2nd Lieut. R. M. Dawson, 2nd Lieut. C. E. Smith; (middle row) Lieut. and O.M. J. D. T. Hillman, Lieut. W. G. Mitchell, 2nd Lieut. W. G. Leburn, 2nd Lieut. J. G. Bisset, 2nd Lieut. D. C. MacDiarmid, 2nd Lieut. R. T. Ellis, 2nd Lieut. W. A. Biggar, 2nd Lieut. J. K. V. Lee; (sitting) Captain D. L. Campbell, Captain B. M. Nicol, Major R. B. Williamson, Major A. H. Reid, Lieut.-Colonel J. P. E. Murray, C.O., Captain E. J. F. Heap (Adj.), Captain D. J. Bogie, Captain W. R. Muirhead, Captain J. W. Levack, R.A.M.C.

All this talk about whether we ought to believe all that we hear from the German gentlemen who once were the Misleader's bosom friends naturally reminds me of a case when a somewhat callow young District Judge was trying a cause in which the false swearing on both sides was something monumental. He had appearing before him on each side hard-jawed counsel, each one of whom was old enough to be his great-uncle. The question of the admissibility of a vital letter arose. There was the inevitable dog-fight, since it meant either down for the count or a win with his toes in his boots for one or other of the parties. Counsel so terrified the poor little Heaven-born that he hid behind the piled-up law books and then said that he would reserve his ruling till after lunch. When the court resumed, his Honour proclaimed that, whilst he held that the letter was relevant, *the contents were not*. The rudest and most truculent of the leading counsel then said in a stage whisper to his junior: "Well, if that doesn't bate Banagher! Ye moight just as well let a dog inside the room and lave his tail beyant!"



Holloway

THE PYTCHLEY HUNT COMMITTEE

The picture was taken at the meeting at which Colonel "Peach" Borwick (Joint-Master), former Master of the Middleton, put forward a scheme whereby it is hoped the hunt will be able to carry on

In the picture are: (seated, l. to r.) Colonel M. Borwick, M.F.H., Lord Cromwell, Colonel J. G. Lowther, M.F.H., and Major J. L. Cross; (standing) Major T. E. Manning, Mr. G. Hone, Mr. G. W. Tebbitt, Brig.-General Moreton Cope and Mr. H. Brown

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER
STEWART

Shooting and Fishing.

A DELIGHTFUL story, about whose authenticity there is every possible doubt, comes to me from a Royal Air Force station. It seems that two devoted fishermen were seated at the end of a certain very long pier somewhere in England early in the morning one very misty day. A German seaplane dropped down on the water not very far away and proceeded to lay mines. The fishermen never dreamt it was an enemy machine until it took off again, and, before setting out for Germany, made a sweep round and turned its machine-guns on to them. Fortunately they were not hit; but they learnt—so it is said—from this experience that it is best to assume every aeroplane you see to be an enemy machine until it is proved otherwise. As I say, there is every possible doubt about the authenticity of this story; but it does convey a useful lesson.

Moreover, it is a lesson on a subject which has been exercising the minds of very large numbers of people lately. I have had more letters asking for advice on aircraft recognition than on any other subject during the past four months. And the astonishing stories that get into the newspapers prove how difficult the matter is. We have had at least five times the silly story of German aeroplanes "laying smoke screens," and I should say that at least two hundred times already friendly machines have been reported as hostile.

Silhouettes

The method usually recommended for learning to identify aircraft is that of studying silhouettes of them. It is interesting, this method, but whenever I recommend it, I add the proviso that, when the moment comes when it is vitally necessary to determine whether a machine is friendly or hostile, the silhouette knowledge will be useless! In the actual conditions of recognition there is hardly ever any possibility of examining the shape of wing-tips and rudder and that sort of thing.

With our own machines, it is very nice to know the shapes, for then one can recognise them. But with enemy machines there is hardly ever the remotest chance of using this method. They are probably first spotted very high indeed, or else at such an angle that none of the distinguishing characteristics can be seen. Moreover, it is necessary to determine whether a machine is hostile or not while it is still far distant if the knowledge is to be of value.

The method I recommend, therefore, is the one I myself used when on active service, and the one, so R.A.F. pilots tell me, which is still being used on active service to-day. It relies rather upon the *behaviour* of the machine than on its shape. Shapes cannot be distinguished at great distances; but the behaviour of the machine can. Thus it comes about that a single aeroplane flying at a medium height in fine weather and in a perfectly straight line can be determined at once to be a friendly machine. For observe the implications of that behaviour. If the weather is fine and the machine is at a medium height, its markings can readily be observed through glasses. And, consequently, if it is an enemy machine it will be subjected to anti-aircraft fire and the shell bursts will be visible.

Now contrast what happens when enemy bombers come over to bomb. They are in formation; they move fast, and are either very high indeed or else very low. If our fighters go up to intercept them, the behaviour of the two groups of machines still gives good recognition clues. For the fighters will be seen to be faster and will be seen to be manoeuvring more sharply. When they engage, the difference in size will also become plain, the fighters being the smaller machines. Those sort of



Elliott and Fry

AIR VICE-MARSHAL P. H. L. PLAYFAIR

It was generally assumed that the new appointment of A.O.C.-in-C. in France, designed to end duality, would be given to Air Vice-Marshal Playfair, who has command of the independent long-distance reconnaissance flights based in France, but it was announced from 10, Downing Street on January 9 that Air Marshal A. S. Barratt had been given the appointment

behaviour indications seem to me to be much more trustworthy than any kind of wing-and-tail silhouettes. I do not deny that it is good also to know the silhouettes. If an aeroplane is shot down, it enables its type to be identified, and is often of much interest. But for determining which are enemy and which friendly machines at critical moments, behaviour is generally a more practical guide than shape.

Dupes.

In all professions and businesses, I suppose, the gentle art of duping is practised to a greater or less extent. But in aviation I enjoy very much seeing the way in which the companies that are comparatively new to aviation work worship the tortuous technicality. Put a thing to them in simple words, and they ignore it; but set it out in a really complicated manner, with a large sprinkling of equations, and they will look at it in awed respect.

Now a proper respect for learning is admirable; but when a country is at war, it is the practical achievement which counts, and not the scientific abstraction. That is where the Americans have still much to teach us. Their aircraft-constructing companies, together with the numerous companies allied to them in the provision of equipment and materials, are not mesmerised by pseudo-scientific magic. Scientific work in America is as advanced as anywhere; but it is not looked on as a sort of medicine-man's mumbo-jumbo, but as one of the servants of practical achievement.



Harlip

THE HON. HELEN LOCH

Major-General Lord and Lady Loch's youngest daughter is serving in the W.R.A.F. Lord Loch was originally a Grenadier Guard and served with great distinction all through the South African and Great Wars, as well as previously in the Egyptian campaign

FIGHTING UNITS: No. 15



A GROUP OF R.A.F. OFFICERS SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—BY "MEL"

Even if the enemy does not know where "Somewhere" is, he will, very quickly and unpleasantly, if he tries to get fresh. Of that fact, at any rate, he is acutely aware, and he is also cognisant of some other unpleasant possibilities "Somewhere in France"—even the B.B.C. were permitted to put this over the air a little while ago, so there is no danger (to us) in mentioning it! The A.O.C. of this particular nest, Air Commodore Arthur Coningham, is a New Zealander bred and born, was into the last scrap with the Hun with the New Zealand Forces, and joined the old R.F.C. in 1916. He collected an M.C., D.S.O., and D.F.C., also the A.F.C. for flying from Cairo to Kano in 1925. The short title for his unit may therefore be "Stingers." Since our artist completed this drawing,

Wing Commander Harrison has been promoted Group Captain as from January 1st.



OFFICERS OF THE 4th TRAINING REGIMENT (LIGHT TANKS)

Representatives of many formerly horsed units are gathered in this regiment where the technique of the new cavalry is imparted. Of them few can feel the loss of flesh-and-blood mounts more keenly than Sir William Jaffray's brother and heir-presumptive, Captain H. A. Jaffray, Joint-Master of the Zetland, who had the Brocklesby with the fourth Lord Yarborough for four seasons and was later Joint-Master of the Meynell. The names are: (l. to r.; back row) Lieut. T. F. G. Dugdale, 2nd Lieut. V. B. J. Seely, Captain R. F. Luck, Lieut. the Hon. C. J. Beckett, 2nd Lieut. M. D. Murphy, Lieut. R. R. Archer, 2nd Lieut. R. B. Mills, Lieut. W. N. Cairns; (middle row) Captain G. T. H. Reah, Lieut. W. C. Southcliffe, Lieut. G. Drabble, 2nd Lieut. F. S. Woodhead, Lieut. T. L. Dearbergh, Captain the Hon. A. H. Phillimore, Captain A. R. A. Dorrien-Smith; (front row) Captain F. D. W. O'Rorke, Major G. W. C. Draffen, Major G. M. Hamer, Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Weatherall, O.B.E., Major B. D. S. Porter, Captain C. Pedder, Captain H. A. Jaffray, M.F.H.

Electrically Lit Police.

SALFORD'S latest Safety First black-out idea is to illuminate the word "Police" on the traffic controllers' helmets. Current is supplied by a pocket battery, in addition to which red and green hand-lamps are operated to control the crossings. Locals speak well of the idea, now being tried as an experiment at two of the busiest crossings in the city.

It is a pity that some more effective method of indicating the presence of roundabouts and centre-posts is not developed. In one city ten or twelve centre-posts are demolished every day. But their damage and cost of repair must be insignificant when compared with the injury they inflict on the cars. And as for the roundabouts, every time I drive into London *via* Western Avenue I note that the railings of each one have been subjected to assault and battery.

The authorities in Oxfordshire have tackled this problem by erecting huge white boards at intervals round the grassy knolls which constitute their roundabouts. And at night warning lights indicate the presence of the roundabout.

The Lay-by ?

Probably not one motorist in a thousand would know what a lay-by was. But if he passed down the north Oxford by-pass going west, he would soon come upon a notice-board bearing this hyphenated word on the left side of the road. It heralds the entrance to what amounts to a double-ended siding, or by-pass to the by-pass. In other words, a short length of auxiliary road where one can draw in off the main stream of traffic and rest awhile. According to one authority, the word, which is not in the dictionary, is used by river folk to denote a backwater.

Further along the same section of A.40 they are building a number of less elaborate lay-bys by bowing out the road sufficiently to allow a car to take refuge there without holding up other traffic. And some months ago I found the same sort of thing being done on the Lyndhurst-Bournemouth road. Money is well spent on this work, which, unlike

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

so many other "improvements," tends to promote rather than hinder the flow of traffic.

Recognising Cars by Touch.

THE other night I left my car in a crowded park and returned, torchless, to find it. After using up half a box of matches, I was reduced to fumbling the radiators of a long line of vehicles in an attempt to discover my own. During the process I was amazed to find how many different makes of car I could identify by touch alone. I knew a Standard by its radiator-grille, an Armstrong-Siddeley by its Sphinx mascot, a Daimler by its fluted radiator, and so on. Eventually I recognised my own car, not by any particular feature, but by the heavy deposit of dried mud on the outside of the rear wings.

Another unusual incident occurred a few minutes earlier, when, on emerging into darkness from the film-house, I found myself walking arm in arm and chatting with a woman I imagined was my wife. After fifty yards I found she was a complete stranger!

More About Overdrive.

HAD it not been for Hitler—I follow the fashion in omitting the Herr we gave him before September—several high-quality British cars would have appeared at the Show with an overdrive gear as their chief improvement for 1940. I have tried two of them and am still undecided as to how the overdrive would have appealed to the public. As its name suggests, it is nothing more than an indirectly highly geared-up top.

In other words, it is intended to be used when conditions are favourable, just as on a normal four-speed gear third speed is used when conditions are unfavourable. So the proper way to regard a four-speed gear in which the fourth gear is an overdrive is to use third speed, which is direct as a normal top gear, overdrive for long descents, when the wind is astern and so on, and second for rapid acceleration and hill-climbing.

(Continued on page 2)

A DIPLOMATIC TRUCE

Representatives of Victimised States and Aggressor States at a White House Reception



M. HJALMAR J. PROCOPE, FINNISH
MINISTER TO THE U.S.



HERR HANS THOMSEN, COUNSELLOR OF THE
GERMAN EMBASSY, AND FRAU THOMSEN



M. AND MME. VLADIMIR HURBAN
REPRESENT CZECHOSLOVAKIA



THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR AND MME. CONSTANTINE
OUMANSKY EN ROUTE TO THE WHITE HOUSE

Disapproving like us of the technique of aggression, the United States still recognises the envoys of temporarily-eclipsed Czechoslovakia and Poland in Washington and snubs aggressor No. 2 by failing to send representatives to Soviet Embassy jollifications. But as a neutral in all the current conflicts, she must invite the representatives of all nations to her diplomatic receptions. Hence these unusual pictures of patriotic Poles, Czechs, and Finns setting out to the same party as Germans and Russians. Diplomats in wartime must be adepts at the art of politely dodging awkward contacts. Finland especially has the active sympathy of the American Government and people in her gallant and amazingly successful struggle against the predatory lumbering bear on her Eastern border, while by her repeal of the arms embargo the United States has been of very practical assistance to those who seek to restore Poland and Czechoslovakia. Simultaneously comes the news which must be disturbing to Herr Thomsen, German Chargé d'Affaires in Washington since the withdrawal of Ambassadors which followed the terrible pogrom of November 1938, that over 100,000 Americans of German origin have banded themselves together in an anti-Nazi organisation



COUNT POTOCKI, POLISH AMBASSADOR,
AND MME. WITOLD WANKOWICZ

“ . . . AND SO ON ”

(Translated from the original Borovnian)

By PETER WAYNE

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE :

This remarkable document, though anonymous, is believed to have been the work of Keine Kopek, the Bulgo-Borovnian revolutionary, whose turbulent career amidst the whirling maelstrom of post-war politics is no doubt still fresh in the public memory. For more than a decade the sinister figure of this fanatical madman hung like a cloud over Europe, casting its shadow now here, now there, and weaving through the dark pages of history a ghastly pattern of unrest, strife and bloodshed.

In 1936, hunted by the police of four nations, he took refuge in his last hiding-place—the mountain village of Czut, on the wild Begonian frontier. Here, due largely to the tireless efficiency of the Borovnian Counter-Espionage Corps, he was ultimately arrested on a floating (or general) charge empowered under Article 271b of the Emergency State Code. After some eighteen months in prison he made a full confession and was duly tried, convicted, and sentenced.

Together with twenty-four others, Kopek met his death at the hands of a machine-gun squad in the courtyard of Sonszjik Prison on April 1, 1938.

EINGANG VERBOTEN, Dictator of Borovnia, sat writing at his desk. From beyond the open windows came the monotonous tramp of iron-shod boots as platoon after platoon of *Rechtswehr*, *Linkswehr*, *Underwehr*, *Landsturm*, *Sandsturm*, and others wheeled and turned, marched and counter-marched in the *Platz* beneath.

The Dictator laid down his pen and pressed a button.

A bell rang. A soldier in the rush-green uniform of the *Regensturm* stepped smartly into the room. Supporting himself on the right leg, he skilfully drew the left behind his ears. It was the Borovnian salute.

The Dictator shot him a piercing glance and the soldier stood transfixed. Then, satisfied with his scrutiny, the great man spoke.

"Send me the Chancellor of the Exchequer!" he barked.

The soldier saluted again, but this time his foot slipped on the polished floor. The long-muzzled *Limberger* jerked from his restraining fingers and fell to the ground, exploding with a deafening report.

Instantly the room was filled with troops.

"Arrest that man, search him, and inquire into his antecedents!" stormed the Dictator. "And send me the Chancellor of the Exchequer!"

Those of the troops who had room saluted and withdrew. Those who had not simply withdrew.

A moment later a man wearing the heliotrope uniform of the *Hagelsturm* entered. It was the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

For some minutes the two men talked in low tones. Outside in the corridor an officer in the flame-coloured uniform of the *Feuerwehr* stood listening at the keyhole. He heard nothing. The tones were too low.

At length the Dictator rose to his feet.

"*Damen und Herren!*"* he exploded, striking the desk a resounding blow with his fist. "But it is not yet enough! Take dictation—The sale to civilians of all or any of the following commodities—namely, bread, meat, vegetables; tea, coffee, sugar, butter and eggs—is hereby strictly prohibited. Penalty for breach: the Salt Mines."

Every drop of blood drained silently from the Chancellor's face. It was ash. "The Salt Mines?"

The Dictator's eyes bored into his.

"You heard!" he hissed.

With a shaking hand the Chancellor traced the fatal words. *Verboten* watched him.

"Tell them," he added, a trifle wearily, "that it is for Borovnia . . ." He took a turn round the room. "Now what about taxes?"

The Chancellor stirred uneasily in his chair.

"They're high," he murmured. "Very high. . ."

Verboten stared, and a hand flew to his mouth.

"You mean—too high?"

"Yes."

The Dictator steadied himself against a chair. Then it had come—the crisis which he had feared! His face worked. His lips moved. But no words came.

Both men were panting a little, and a bead of perspiration formed on the Chancellor's brow and dropped down amongst his papers. Mechanically he took up the blotter and blotted it.

Presently, controlling himself with an effort, the Dictator forced his numbed lips to frame that question the answer to which he knew only too well—that question to which he knew there could be but one answer.

"Why?" he breathed.

The Chancellor hesitated. Minutes passed by, and when at last he spoke his voice was thick and strangled with emotion. He seemed suddenly to have become an old, old man.

"Because," he groaned, "the higher they go . . . the fewer."

Heavily, like mud which slumps from the bucket of a dredge, the dread words fell. Dully, they echoed in the still room. Silent and dismayed, breathing stertorously, the two men stared at each other across the great mahogany desk.

Alone once more, the Dictator stood at the windows gazing out. Down in the *Platz* something stirred. It was only the *Rechtswehr*, the *Linkswehr*, the *Underwehr*, etc., wheeling and turning, marching and counter-marching. On the pavements the crowd stood watching.

Presently an officer espied the Dictator. The effect was electric.

"*Halt!*" screamed the officer. The troops halted.

"*Salute!*" he bellowed. The troops saluted.

"*Heil, Verboten!*" roared the officer.

"*Heil, Verboten!*" roared the troops.

"*Heil, Verboten!*" roared the crowd.

But Eingang did not respond. He stood there as though stunned, and his features were haggard and drawn.

Suddenly there was a slight commotion amongst the on-lookers. Two burly officers wearing the dark-blue uniform of the *Roberzwehr*, or State Police, were shouldering their way towards an old woman of ninety who had omitted to raise her voice with the multitude. Arrested on a charge of *ausdungefundenseit*, she was removed at once to a *Konzentration Kamp*.

Spurred on by this amusing incident, the troops and the crowd redoubled their efforts. Here and there a member of the *Roberzwehr* watched with eagle eye.

"*Heil, Verboten!*" yelled the officer, growing crimson.

"*Heil, Verboten!*" brayed the troops, already purple.

"*Heil, Verboten!*" shrieked the crowd, gasping for breath.

A dog burst a blood-vessel through over-barking and was removed at once to a butcher's. Unabated, the din continued.

It was no use. *Verboten* saw nothing, heard nothing. . . Long-forgotten scenes from his childhood were passing in regular sequence before his staring eyes. In regular sequence great sobs shook his frame.

"How long?" he muttered brokenly. "How long?"

But there was no one there to tell him.

As he turned from the windows a ruddy-complexioned man wearing the russet uniform of the *Rechtswehr* crossed the threshold. It was the Foreign Minister.

The Dictator surveyed him stonily. "Well?" he grunted.

The Minister flinched. "Er—that speech of mine for to-morrow—"

"What about it?"

"It is prepared."

The Dictator eyed him witheringly.

"Then forget it!" he snarled, and threw a bulky sheaf of notes on to the desk. "This is what I want you to say."

He turned his back and stood for a moment in contemplation of a large map of Europe which hung on the wall. The Foreign Minister sighed and began to glance through the scrawled pages.

Suddenly, without looking round, the Dictator spoke.

(Continued on page 94)

* Impolite.

THE RUFFORD AND SOUTH NOTTS MEET ON STEEDS OF STEEL



MISS ELIZABETH CARR, P.O. P. CARR, MRS. CARR, SERGEANTS BETTY LEWIS AND FELICITY CARR (W.A.A.F.), MRS. BUXTON, MRS. SHEPPARD AND (IN FRONT) JEREMY CARR



COLONEL HUGH SHERBROOKE AND MISS MOLLY SHERBROOKE



MRS. PAT ASHWELL AND MISS F. BURTON



MRS. OWEN TAYLOR, M.F.H., MRS. CHRISTOPHER WREY, TIMOTHY WREY AND MISS TANNER



MRS. WIGLEY KEEPS THINGS IN FOCUS

Photos: Howard Barrett

Hunting having been stopped by frost the fox had nothing to fear from the meet of the Rufford and the South Notts at Oxtown Hall. Steel mounts took the place of horseflesh and followers of these hunts were able to show their skill at a new form of balance, competing in an ice-hockey match and other glacial sports. Thus the English climate has made an *amende honorable* to those who have been disappointed by foreign politics of their annual Swiss holidays. Oxtown Hall is the home of Lord Charles Bentinck, half-brother of the Duke of Portland. Mrs. Buxton and Mrs. Sheppard have husbands who are serving as brother officers in a Yeomanry unit. Amongst others in the pictures who are very much concerned with current affairs on and across the water are Colonel Sherbrooke who is a big noise at The Shop, of which he was Assistant Commandant from 1929 to 1932, Mrs. Ashwell whose husband is Secretary of the Notts Territorial Association, with a fine record in the last show, in which he was wounded three times and won the D.S.O. and a mention, and Pilot Officer Carr, who, as representative of the younger generation, belongs to our very efficient and vital third Arm, supported by Miss Betty Lewis and Miss Felicity Carr, two of the noble band of women who are prepared for any amount of the dirty work which is so important and so thankless. Mrs. Owen Taylor, joint-Master of the South Notts was with her nieces, Mrs. Christopher Wrey, only daughter of Sir Harold Bowden, and Miss Tanner

"And so on . . ."

(Continued from page 92)

"In addition," he ground out, "you may tell France, Belgium, Greece, Russia, Persia, England, Finland, Holland, Poland, Iceland, Greenland, Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, Germany, Turkey, Latvia, America, Estonia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, Lithuania, Ruritania, Kleptomania, Yugoslavia, Scandinavia"—he paused to draw breath, then continued—"Chile, Danzig, Liechtenstein, Mexico, Monaco, Antofagasta, the Montenegrin Republic, Baffin's Land and the Faroe Islands . . . that that is our last word."

The Foreign Minister looked puzzled. "Which is?" he asked.

Verboten passed a limp hand across his brow. He was tired. So very tired. . . . "I forget," he said. "But make it strong, whatever it is. You'll find it there somewhere."

The Foreign Minister locked the notes in his dispatch case and moved towards the door. "It is for Borovnia," he said. "Yes, yes," said the Dictator irritably, "I know all that."

Outside in the corridor fifty-seven picked men in the patchwork uniform of the *Putzschcorps* stood waiting. "It is for Borovnia," they told each other. They looked up as the Foreign Minister emerged, then they went on with the game of *Schnaps* they were playing.

Presently, an officer wearing the hazel uniform of the *Himmelwehr* appeared on the stairs. It was Links Fahren, the Dictator's *rechthandmann*. The soldiers laid down their cards and made way for him to pass.

As the newcomer opened the door, Eingang advanced to greet him. "Links!" he cried. "You are my only friend!" "So what?" said the other rudely. Then he sneezed. It was the signal. The troops rushed in. . . .

* * *

Links Fahren stood stiffly to attention as the body was carried from the room. "It was for Borovnia," he said.

CHAPTER TWO

Links Fahren, Dictator of Borovnia, sat writing at his desk. From beyond the open window came the monotonous tramp of iron-shod boots as platoon after platoon of *Rechtswehr*, *Linkswehr*, *Underwehr*, *Landsturm*, *Sandsturm* and others, wheeled and turned, marched and counter-marched, in the *Platz* beneath.

The telephone rang.

The Dictator laid down his pen and took up the receiver. At the other end of the wire, in far-off Grümpf, a man in the snow-white uniform of the *Schneesturm* spoke rapidly to his leader. The Dictator listened until the other had finished what he had to say. Then, and then only, did he speak.

"Have the man destroyed," he grated, and replaced the receiver. The conversation was at an end.

For a brief moment the Dictator sat motionless. He was thinking. Suddenly he stretched out his hand and touched a button. A bell rang.

A soldier in the liver-coloured uniform of the *Landsturm* stepped smartly into the room. Supporting himself on the left leg, he deftly drew the right behind his ears. It was the new Borovnian salute.

The Dictator regarded him sourly.

"Send me the Minister for Finance," he snapped.

The soldier disentangled himself and withdrew.

The next moment the door opened to admit a sandy little man in the sand-coloured uniform of the *Sandsturm*. It was the Minister for Finance.

"Heinrich," purred the Dictator, "lend me fifty *klinken*, will you?"

The Minister searched through his pockets, but could find only thirty-eight *klinken** and one *schlugget*†.

* About one and threepence in all

† A small coin worth approximately one fifth of a farthing

Fahren sighed, and took them.

The audience was at an end.

Outside in the corridor an officer in the lemon-coloured uniform of the *Linkswehr* lay concealed behind the arras. His eyes searched the Minister's face, but it conveyed nothing. Creeping softly from his hiding-place, he spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"Ich bin, du bist, er ist?" he queried.

"Wir sind, Sie sind, sie sind," came the guarded reply.

Each threw the other a covert glance. Each glance was fraught with meaning. The Minister passed on his way and the man stepped back into the shadows.

Meanwhile, the Dictator sat with his finger glued to a button. A bell was ringing.

In answer to the summons, a door communicating with an inner room opened silently and a man in the undress uniform of the *Underwehr* glided softly into the room. His features and general appearance were remarkable. He was, in fact, a remarkable man. Most remarkable of all were his eyes—twin ruby beads that nestled close about a thin-bridged, knife-like nose.

Fahren turned suddenly, and his secretary's fine sensitive nature compelled him to look away.

The Dictator did not look for long. He had begun to feel a little sick. For the hundredth time he toyed with the thought of having the man arrested and *konzentriert*. For the hundredth time he rejected the idea as impracticable. Nicht Hinauslehn was his wife's second cousin.

The Dictator sighed, and rose from his chair.

"Take a letter," he snapped, and began to pace the room.

For a few moments he dictated rapidly.

"Though Borovnia seeks only peace," he concluded, "behind this, her final demand, lie the entire military strength and vast resources of a determined people—the united, unconquerable might of a great and valiant nation—behind this, her final warning. . . ."

He broke off, and for twenty minutes he paced in silence. It was his only exercise.

Nicht Hinauslehn glanced at his watch.

"Behind this, her final warning——" he prompted.

"Eh?" said the Dictator, halting.

"Behind this, her final warning——" repeated Hinauslehn, somewhat impatiently.

Fahren sank exhausted into a chair.

"Oh, think of something yourself, man—think of something yourself. I'm tired. So . . . very . . . tired."

There was a queer light in the secretary's eyes as swiftly he walked to the door and flung it wide.

"It is for Borovnia!" he shouted.

The troops rushed in. . . .

CHAPTER THREE

Nicht Hinauslehn, Dictator of Borovnia, sat writing at his desk. From beyond the open windows came the monotonous tramp of iron-shod boots as platoon after platoon of *Rechtswehr*, *Linkswehr*, *Underwehr*, *Landsturm*, *Sandsturm* and others, still at it, wheeled and turned, marched and counter-marched, in the *Platz* beneath.

The Dictator laid down his pen and—
And so on. . . .

* * *

A noteworthy proposal has been conceived by a group of poets at present serving with the French Army. It is to publish a magazine containing poetry written, in the stress of conflict, by serving soldiers. In the first instance it is to be a French publication, but the sponsors hope to be able to include the parallel work of their allies and the co-operation of poets in the British Forces is invited. The magazine is to be entirely the work of serving soldiers and "will not be produced by editors in their offices but by soldiers in their billets or in the trenches." Very appropriately, it will be entitled *Poètes Casqués, 1940*, and will amongst other things perpetuate the memory of poets of earlier days who have died for their country. Potential contributors and subscribers are to communicate with M. Pierre Seghers, 947 éme Tracteurs, C.M.A., 15 par Nîmes, Gard, France.



CAPTAIN SIR PETER AND
LADY GRANT-LAWSON

Leaving St. Mary's Church, Sulhampstead, near Reading, after their wedding on January 8. Sir Peter Grant-Lawson is the Adjutant of the Blues and a very famous gentleman rider and Lady Grant-Lawson the former Miss Virginia Dean, is the daughter of Mrs. Northup Dean of the Old Rectory, Burghfield, Berks

Racing Ragout—(Continued from page 72)

Ascot. Judging by the number of entries there are still a very large number of horses in training and the market for good class horses for India and elsewhere is remarkably good, though transport is something of a problem. I do not wish to strike too despondent a note, but I am wondering what the effect will be on owners when they finally become resigned to the fact that this war is not merely a matter of a few months. I only hope I'm wrong, but I cannot help feeling that a large proportion of those gigantic fields which have gone to the post for trifling prizes have been kept in training in the hope that it would all be over soon and a natural disinclination on the part of owners to dispose of animals at panic prices.

The Grand National entries which, for no good reason at all, come out three months before the race is run, numbered fifty-nine, and failed, as usual, to attract much attention, as most of the old pot-boilers were there again and there were very few surprise entries. I shall miss Cooleen though, as good a leaper of Aintree fences as ever I saw, and might have won Royal Mail's National but for the attention of a loose horse. In recent years she had lost whatever speed she'd ever had and though she always got round she was never in touch with the leaders. Even more than for her fluent jumping, shall I remember her for her long, white face which reminded me strongly of a certain dowager. Furthermore, she had the same attractive habit of curling her lip and showing a slightly discoloured tooth.

* * *

Rudyard Kipling, the new film version of whose *Light that Failed* was presented at the Plaza on January 12, was never known to be a film enthusiast, and quite a legend has been built up of his dislike of the medium. It rests largely on his reference to Hollywood in some lines in one of his poems, in which he said something about "hired youths and maids that feign to love or sin in tones like rusty razor blades to tunes like smitten tin." But there were films he did like, and some of them he saw more than once. He saw the two previous versions of *The Light that Failed*. Before he died, Kipling saw the script of this new version of his famous story, and made one or two changes in pen and ink, striking out phrases, substituting others, and filling the margins with comment. "Never say 'ocean' when you mean 'sea'" is one. Another is: "Make this 'Englishman,' not 'Britisher'." He substituted for one mild insult a sharper one: "You silly ass!" One of the chief problems confronting those responsible for the production of *Light that Failed* was to find the River Nile! Six states were scoured before the producer's staff found what was wanted. This was thirty-two miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. "Rushes," the term applied by filmland to designate the development and printed movie footage of each day's work, took on a new significance with the Paramount troupe on location at Santa Fe, which is 1,000 miles from the company's Hollywood studios. Despite this distance, Wellman, producer and director, Ronald Colman and others viewed scenes that were filmed the previous day in New Mexico. The aeroplane, of course, made this possible.

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 99)

Though overdrive might have figured as a novelty on some 1940 models, there is nothing novel about it. Back in 1907-8 the big "45 Daimlers" had a geared up top and they were not alone in using this feature. In more recent times cars have appeared with twin top gears which provided a high and low top for meeting favourable and not so favourable conditions.

Cars will increase in value.

By the end of the last war there was such a shortage of cars that even secondhand vehicles fetched several times their pre-war value. And so, if this war persists for two or three years, I see no reason why history should not repeat itself. For this reason it seems wise to hold on to one's present car and not to dispose of it on a sluggish market. This is especially the case if the car is a small and economical one, for after the war economy will be more necessary than ever. Even the buying of a new car today, if the old car is worn out, would be a wise investment, for what with decreased output and the rise in the price of raw materials it seems impossible that present-day, i.e., pre-war, prices can long remain in force.

If cars are laid up now for a period it will pay their owners in the long run, first to see that they are put in first-class running order while spare parts and the skilled labour to fit them are still available. Then, when the time arrives to dispose of or re-licence them there will be no unnecessary delay, expense or difficulty in getting them going.

Informal Starting Test.

He arrived on a bitter night with a costly and super modern automobile, obviously the apple of his eye. Naturally, the eight h.p. Ford had to vacate its garage for the aristocrat and stand outside in the drive with a horse rug over its bonnet to keep out the cold. Next morning it took ten minutes manipulation of knobs and switches before the costly one would do so much as cough. While this was going on the Ford owners stood by in horror at such misbehaviour. And at last when the big car came spluttering to life and the tension was relaxed, just to show there was no ill-feeling, they started up the modest "eight" in six seconds, even though it had been out all night. At which the lordly one had to admit that they were wonderful little blighters.

* * *

Madame Clara Novello Davies's message to the world at this troublous moment is to ask every one not to forget music for our fighting men. She asks the public to send either instruments or money to buy them to the hon. secretary: Miss Helen Temple Thurston, c/o Musical Instrument Fund, 47 Park Lane, London, W.1.

* * *

The Norwich Players are opening their spring season on January 22-27, with a Japanese classical comedy, *The Game of Poem Cards* by Chikamatsu, who in the seventeenth century had been called the Japanese Shakespeare. This is the first performance of his work in England and the novelty of such a production apart from any intrinsic merit is bound to prove an attraction to the student of the drama in all its aspects.



CLIVE BROOK AND ANNA LEE IN "RETURN TO YESTERDAY"

British film studios are waking up again after the hiatus of confusion brought about by the outbreak of war, and one of the first symptoms of the revival is *Return to Yesterday*, a screen version of Robert Morley's successful comedy *Goodness How Sad*. Clive Brook, who so brilliantly took the mantle of Sir Gerald du Maurier on his shoulders in the film of *The Ware Case*, and Anna Lee are the stars in this production which will be seen in the West End shortly

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke



NO one has accomplished greater things in the cause of beauty than Elizabeth Arden, whose London salons are at 25 Old Bond Street, and even in these troublous times her preparations are sold in all quarters of the globe. Her booklet, C. (stands for Cleanse), T. (stands for Tone), N. (stands for Nourish), must be read by every woman. Pictured is the C.T.N. box for 13s. 6d. 5s. 6d. a jar is the all-day foundation; it holds the powder for many hours and has been created for women in the services. Good companions are the skin tonic and the eye lotion; the former banishes a weary skin and the latter tired eyes. Velva Cream Masque is easy to use, removes fatigue lines and gives instantaneous results.



ALTHOUGH Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street) sale is in progress they are showing the advance guard of their spring collection to those who want something absolutely new. The ensemble on the right is of herring-bone bouclé. All monotony is banished from the dress by pin-tucked scrolls; real mink is used to trim the simple coat.

IT is capital news that Burberry's, in the Haymarket, are making a feature of all important accessories. To them must be given the credit of the pullover on the left. It is of fine wool worked in a lace design; the motif in front suggests braid, and it is ribbed at the wrist and waist. In the gloves (also pictured) lambskin and leather share honours.



Pictures by Blake

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Photos: Frank O'Brien

The day this famous pack met at New Inn, near Knocklofty, Lord Suirdale, who was on a spot of leave, put in the first bit of it having a go over the good Tipperary banks. He is Lord Donoughmore's son and heir and like so many more is on service waiting for the battle fighting to start. Knocklofty is the Donoughmore family seat in Tipperary. The Hon. Michael Hely-Hutchinson—the *chasseur* seen in the picture—is Lord and Lady Suirdale's elder son, and Mrs. Masters has been in joint command of these hounds since 1935



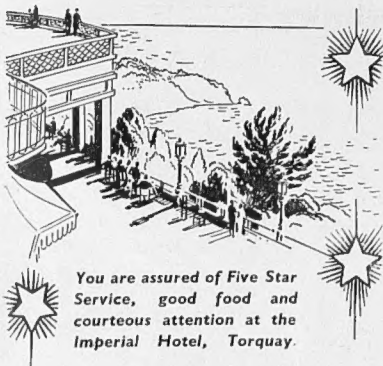
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MISS ALISON MARY MARGARET *Lenare*
BELL

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bell, Carr Hall, Sleights, Yorkshire, whose engagement is announced to Sub-Lieutenant Peter William Stewart, R.N., only son of Dr. and Mrs. W. Stewart, White Lodge, Bassett, Southampton

The Loyal Regiment, and Miss Pamela L. Boileau Humfrey. The wedding will take place on Saturday next at Bricklehampton Church at 2.30 p.m. between Flying Officer Stanley Holbrow and Miss Mary F. Dowson. The wedding will also take place on Saturday at St. Mark's Church, Natland, between Lieutenant R. E. Heaton and Miss Wanda Muriel Farmer.

Forthcoming Wedding.

The wedding will shortly take place between Mr. William Robert Tomkinson and Miss Helen Blane at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge; The wedding will take place shortly at St. James's, Spanish Place, between the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore and Miss Sylvia Lloyd Thomas.

WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS

Today's Wedding.

The marriage arranged between Mr. John Keswick and Miss Clare Elwes will take place quietly today in the Lady Chapel of Westminster Cathedral at 2.30 p.m.

Saturday's Weddings.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Colin MacKenzie

and Miss Clodagh Meade will take place on Saturday at Chelsea Old Church at 2.30 p.m. On Saturday the wedding will take place at Wilcot, Marlborough, between Mr. Geoffrey W. York,



MISS JENNIE DEWAR

Twin daughter of the late Mr. A. H. Dewar and Mrs. Dewar, of 24 De Vere Gardens, W.8, whose engagement is announced to Sub-Lieut. Anthony Seley Church Sanderson, R.N., younger son of the late Mr. F. T. Sanderson, of Northmead, Farnham Common, Bucks

February Wedding.

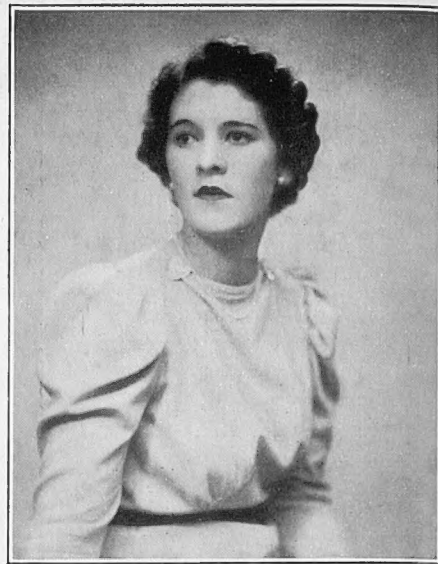
The marriage will take place quietly on February 10 at Bath Abbey, between Mr. Richard C. G. Langrishe, The Hampshire Regiment, only son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. R. B. Langrishe, of Kashmir and Kilkenny, and Miss Jean G. A. Thomson, youngest daughter of Doctor G. D.

Thomson, 30 Richmond Place, Bath, and the late Mrs. Thomson.

Recently Engaged.

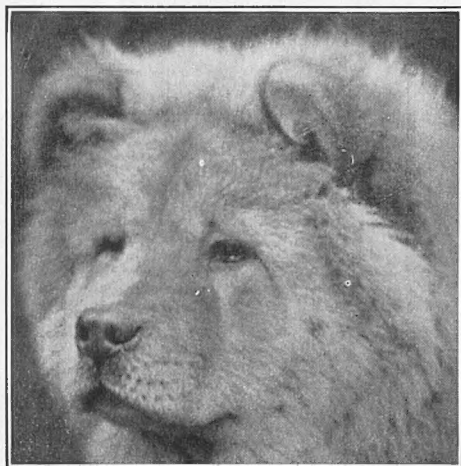
The engagement is announced between Mr. A. Swann, only son of Sir Duncan Swann, Bt., and Lady Swann, of St. James's Court, S.W.1, and Miss Jean Nibleck-Stuart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nibleck-Stuart, of Nairobi, Kenya;

Captain Steuart Phillpotts, Irish Guards, and Miss Finola FitzGerald, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur FitzGerald, Buckland, Berkshire; Mr. Gilbert Roy Fletcher, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fletcher, of Lytham, and Miss Mary Margaret Edge only daughter of Sir William Edge, Bt., M.P., and Lady Edge, of Lytham; Captain Edward Yonge, The Royal Sussex Regiment, of Wicklands, Little Horsted, and Miss Daphne Matchwick, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Matchwick, of Greencroft, Reigate; Mr. David Papillon and Miss Mary Carlyon Davidson Higson.



MISS ROSALIND MONA GARTON *Lenare*

Eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stanley Garton, of Danesfield, Medmenham, Marlow, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Richard Desborough Burnell, The London Rifle Brigade, younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Burnell and Mrs. Burnell, of Wedmore, Henley-on-Thames



TUNG CHIA-OF ADEL

Property of Miss Buckley

Griffon for instance, a so-called "Toy," is now living on biscuits and horseflesh, and has never been better or in better spirits. So take heart, every one. It is quite easy to keep dogs in health on food we do not want ourselves.

The Chow is a dog of marked characteristics and in several ways, quite unlike other dogs: To begin with, he has a black tongue, which is unique. He also has a peculiar disposition. He does not make friends with strangers, and keeps quite aloof from them; he does not attack if one leaves him alone; he leaves one alone, he merely does not want one's acquaintance. He has an extraordinary power of looking after himself and finding his way about; witness the number of Chows you see walking about London alone. He is staunch and devoted to his friends, without cringing; Chow puppies are adorable. Miss Buckley has a well-known kennel of Chows, and sends a photograph of one of the latest winners, Tung Chia of Adel. Owing to the war she has not been shown much, but won in her classes the only time she was out, and was best bitch in show at Stratford. Miss Buckley has some nice puppy

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

War brings many, many bad things and very few good ones, but one is that life gets simpler. We all find we can do without what we thought were necessities. This applies to the feeding of dogs. Of late years the feeding of dogs has become most complicated. A complete stranger reading some of the manuals on the subject might think he could not possibly undertake such a difficult animal. This is really foolish. The dog is the easiest of all animals to cater for. He can eat practically everything and thrives on food which humans cannot eat. My

bitches and the kennel has some really fine stock. She is carrying on in hope of better days.

I am thankful to say we have been so far spared an ignominy of our last war, the crusade against the Dachshund. He continues to flourish and is now so firmly fixed in our affections, I do not think anything would move him from his place. He has every advantage as a companion, including small size, short coat and great intelligence. Mrs. Allan's Dachshunds are well known, and she sends a most delightful photograph of a group from her kennels, and the following note: "Although my kennel has been greatly reduced owing to the war, I still breed smooth Dachshunds, but only from the very best. In spite of the war, puppies of this breed are in great demand. No wonder, as the affection they lavish on their owners more than repays the care and attention given to them."



STEADFAST CRAG

Property of Mrs. Stead

Mrs. Stead is one of those who do not find a very busy public career interfere with a hobby. I expect she finds that hobby a great relief and refreshment. The hobby is Scotties, in which she has done remarkably well, and it is not easy to win in Scotties! The photograph is of Steadfast Crag, one of the pillars of the kennel, who was reserve to the certificate winner at Cruft's in 1939. He has also often been the best of all breeds, and alas! now is in such grand form. Mrs. Stead has greatly reduced her kennel, finding good homes with friends, not strangers, for a large number of her dogs, but she is keeping a few ready for the time when war shall cease. She says: "I mean to hold on. I am a die hard, like my breed."

All letters to: Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



DACHSHUNDS

Property of Mrs. Allan

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At the first sign of a cold, therefore, prepare to help yourself. Use Vapex without delay. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe deeply of the pleasant and powerful antiseptic vapour, which searches out the germ colonies in the warm recesses of the nose and throat and destroys them in thousands, thus removing the cause of your trouble.

That is how Vapex conquers colds. Each new breath of the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief reduces the enemy's strength and so assists your natural resources safely and surely to dispel the attack.

Breathe your cold away

You can actually feel the good effects of Vapex from the start. It quickly opens up a way through the

mucus-laden passages of your nose and throat, the germicidal vapour penetrating far beyond the reach of ordinary remedies. Your head clears, "stuffiness" is relieved and congestion is broken up. With easier breathing, the whole respiratory system is stimulated to increased resistance . . . and soon your cold is gone!

Vapex as a Preventative

You can avoid colds this Winter by using Vapex regularly . . . particularly when you are feeling "out of sorts," for that is when you are most easily attacked by germs which are broadcast by other sufferers. Keep Vapex always handy and put a few drops on your handkerchief each morning before you go out.

From your Chemist, 2/- & 3/-

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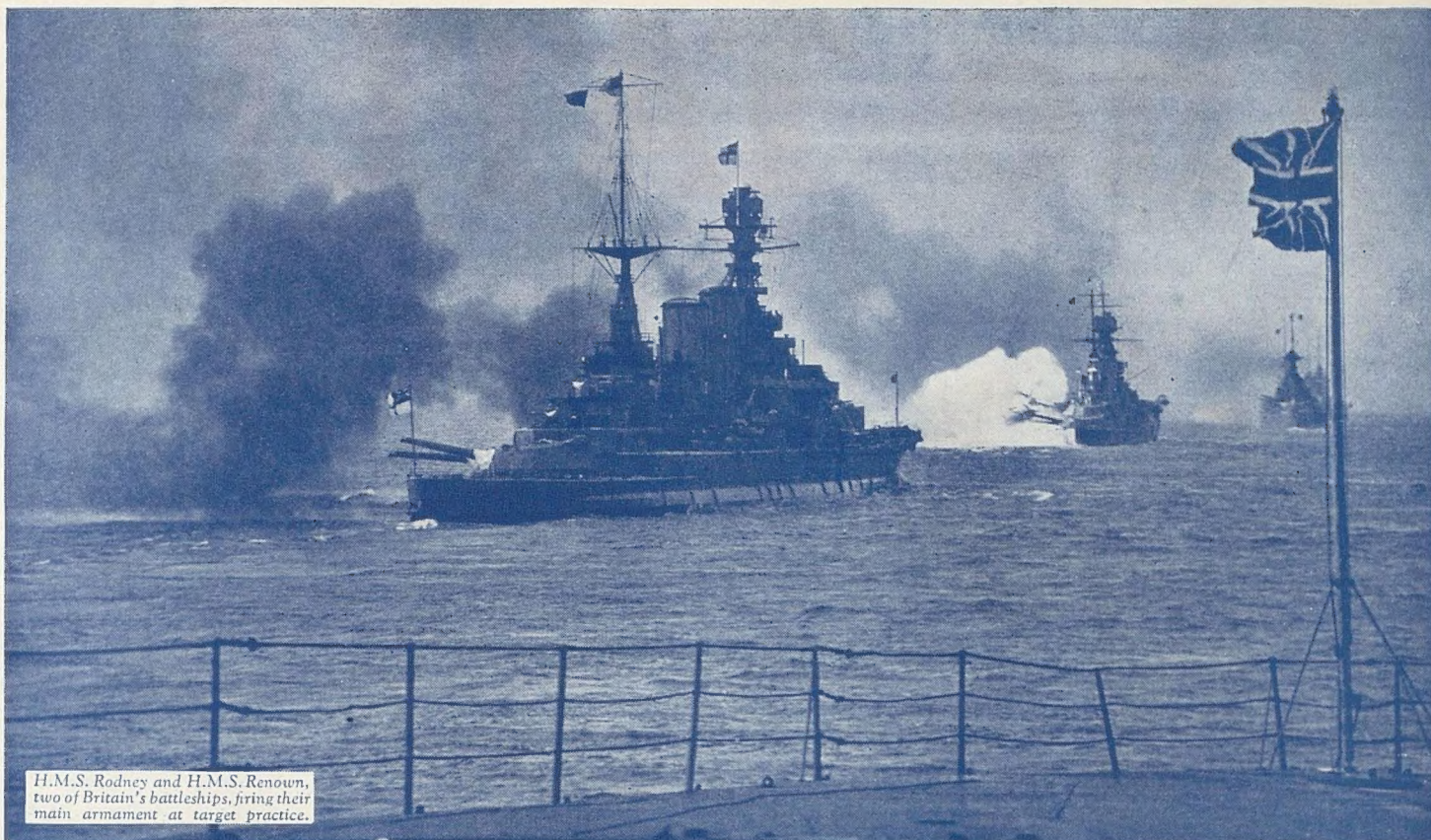
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JOHN BULL'S SEA WAR by C. Patrick Thompson

SCUDDING clouds over the grey Channel made the observation balloon look as if it were darting and diving, like a silver trout after flies. Behind sandbagged posts, steel-helmeted French artillerymen were alert at action stations. More units of the British Expeditionary Force were coming in across the narrow strip of water between the coasts of Britain and France. Dark-hulled destroyers, super-fast, with a complex deck armament completed by depth-charge slings, escorted the big transports.

But no enemy submarines took a poke at the British Navy, and its war machines and supplies. The watchful balloons, the land guns, the eye-skinned destroyers, comprised a gauntlet too fearsome for any U-boat to run, although the prize was large.

Watching from that port of debarkation, I had the illusion of seeing a whole picture. But I knew this was only one small part of a tale which went far beyond this narrow sea. The real work of keeping open the vital sea lane between the two allies was being done elsewhere, and as part of a larger job.

That story begins in the ship and dock-yards, the gun plants, laboratories, and naval training colleges of England. It goes on to a huge invisible fleet, commanded by men who were only lieutenants and captains in the last war. It has innumerable angles, sub-plots

within the main plot, but essentially it is the story of holding Britain's great defence line.

That line is located in John Bull's traditional element—the sea. It is built of ships—a mercantile marine aggregating 18,000,000 tons and a navy totalling 1,400,000 tons, and

with enough new warcraft building, from 40,000-ton battleships, swinging sixteen-inch guns, to the small high-powered gnats of the anti-submarine flotillas, to enlarge this giant fleet by half or more again. . . . *This is an extract from an article you will find unusually interesting.*

HERE ARE SOME MORE OF THE ENTERTAINING FEATURES INCLUDED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE.

PEACE FROM HEAVEN

By F. Britten Austin

A secret weapon rains death from the skies. . . . Paris is in ruins, but this terrible war weapon succeeds in bringing peace to a stricken world.

WHAT IS YOUR ULTIMATE OBJECTIVE?

By Nezeley Farson

This well-known American journalist gives a shrewd forecast of alterations to be expected after the war.

OLD TALES RETOLD

By Fortunino Matania, R.I.

In inspired words and pictures, Fortunino Matania shows how the "secret weapons" of Archimedes kept the mighty Roman Army and Navy at bay for three years.

DEATH MAY HAVE A SILVER LINING

By John Haggart

Bangkok is the setting for this story of a man who waits for death, but unexpectedly finds new life and romance in the venomous depths of the jungle.

YOUTH IN THE SPOTLIGHT

By Margaret Chute

Who knows Hollywood better than Miss Chute? Come with her to see some of the younger set at play.

PASSION AND THE PILOT

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Now we travel to the Great Barrier Reef, to follow the adventures of a ship's pilot who saves a great ship from being wrecked by foreign secret service agents.

THE PERFUMED GHOST

By Peter Cheyney

A delightful story with a Parisian setting. A young American detective and a very lovely but crooked young woman enjoy a battle of wits over a stolen diamond.

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

Two pages of delightful outdoor clothes, and suave new evening models . . . prophetic for spring.

HOME SECTION

Four pages of beauty hints for smart women who always wish to look their best either in or out of uniform. Three more delightful things to knit, and more of those unusually tasty dishes for the wartime hostess. Two pages of new heating ideas you are sure to find interesting.

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